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**A TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH AVIATION: THE WINNER OF THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY, FLIGHT-LIEUT. S. N. WEBSTER, IN THE BRITISH SUPERMARINE "S 5," MAKING A THRILLING "BANK" OVER SPECTATORS ON THE LIDO AT VENICE.**

The great seaplane race for the Schneider Trophy, flown over the Lido course at Venice on Monday, September 26, resulted in a triumph for British aviation. The winner was Flight-Lieut. S. N. Webster, piloting the Supermarine "S 5" monoplane, whose average speed was 281.49 miles per hour. Britain has thus won the event for the third time. The highest officially recorded speed ever

reached by aircraft—289½ m.p.h.—was attained in the third lap by another British pilot, Flight-Lieut. S. M. Kinkaid, but he had to abandon the flight, as did all the Italian competitors. The only other one to finish was Flight-Lieut. O. E. Worsley, who averaged 273.6 m.p.h. The previous "record" was 246 m.p.h. made last year. The distance flown was 217 miles. Further photographs appear on page 529.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE recently read with very great interest a new book on what is not, perhaps, entirely a new subject. I refer to the subject of Shakespeare; not without reference to the subject of Shakespeare's Sonnets, of the Dark Lady, and the poet's relation to Southampton and Essex and Bacon and various eminent men of his time. The book is by the Comtesse de Chambrun, and is published by Appleton; and it seems to me both fascinating and convincing. I hasten to say that the lady is very learned and I am very ignorant. I do not profess to know much about Shakespeare, outside such superfluous trifling as the reading of his literary works. Mme. de Chambrun's book is called "Shakespeare, Actor-Poet"; and I must humbly confess that I have known him only in his humbler capacity as a poet, and have never devoted myself to the more exhausting occupation of studying all the green-room gossip about him as an actor. But it is very right that more scholarly people should study the biographical problem, and even a poor literary critic may be allowed to judge their studies as literature. And this study seems to me to be one very valuable to literature, and not, like so many of the Baconian penny-dreadfuls, a mere insult to literature. Indeed, some Baconian books are quite as much of an insult to Bacon as to Shakespeare.

I have no authority to decide the controversies of fact raised here: about the relation of Southampton to the Sonnets or the discovery of the Dark Lady in the family of Davenant. I can only say that to a plain man the arguments seem at least to be of a plain sort. Thus, I have never had any reason to quarrel with Mr. Frank Harris or Mr. Bernard Shaw about the claims of Miss Mary Fitton, or to break a lance for or against that questionable queen of beauty. I have lances enough to break with them about more important things. But to my simplicity it does seem rather notable that next to nothing is known about the Dark Lady except that she was dark; and that precious little seems to be known about Mary Fitton except that she was fair. Or, again, I profess myself utterly incompetent to consider the question of what "T. T." meant by "W. H."; and I do not think the difficulty will interfere very much with my joy in saying to myself: "But thine immortal beauty shall not fade," or "Give not a windy night a rainy morrow." But if it be true, as it is here stated, that some of these sonnets were already written when William Herbert, Lord Pembroke, was only eleven years old, he certainly must have been a precocious child if what Shakespeare says about him is at all appropriate. There may be ingenious answers to these things that I do not know, but to guileless ignorance like my own the point seems rather a practical one. As a matter of fact, I have generally found in these cases that the ingenious explanations were a little too ingenious. But, as I have said, I have no intention of dogmatizing on these problems.

Madame de Chambrun's theory is that the young man for whom Shakespeare had such a hero-worship was his own patron and protector, the Earl of Southampton; for whom, indeed, she has some little hero-worship herself. But she gives very good and convincing grounds for regarding him as something of a hero. I am pretty sure she is quite right in saying that the rebellion of Essex and Southampton was essentially just and public-spirited. She says that,

if it had succeeded, they would have been handed down to all history as patriots and reformers. I am also quite sure she is right in saying that it was rather a rebellion against Cecil than against Elizabeth. That alone would make it creditable. It is curious to note that, in this account, Bacon and Shakespeare, so far from being conspirators and collaborators, were two antagonistic figures in two opposite factions, one on each side of a serious civil war. Bacon was the bitter accuser of Essex; indeed, Bacon had probably become a sort of hack and servant of Cecil. Shakespeare was, of course, a friend and follower of Southampton, who was a friend and follower of Essex. According to this account, Shakespeare was presenting plays like "Richard II." as deliberate political demonstrations, designed to warn weak sovereigns of the need of greater wisdom, at the very time when Bacon was drawing up the heads of his detailed and virulent denunciation of the rebel. However this may be, it is practically certain that there was this chasm between the two great men, whom some have blended into one great man: we

and spirited to dwarf his little hunchbacked figure even by their dignity in the hour of death. Whether it were Essex or Mary Stuart or even poor Guy Fawkes, they might have stood on the scaffold only in order to make him look small. And I am heartily glad to hear it, if it be true that this nest of nasty plutocrats, with Cecil in the midst of it, counted among its enemies the greatest of Englishmen. It gives me great pleasure to think that it was of those Tudor politicians that he was thinking when he talked of strength by limping sway disabled, and art made tongue-tied by authority, and captive good attending captain ill. The last line must have described a good many scenes on the scaffold in the sixteenth century. It may be difficult to imagine Shakespeare greater than Shakespeare, but it is possible that if his friends had triumphed and his cause and faith revived, he might in some unthinkable transfiguration have been greater than himself.

I know much less of the other problem involved, which is entirely one of private life and not of public policy. I mean the question of that mysterious and sinister woman towards whom the sonneteer revives the ancient rage of inconsistencies; the "odi et amo" of Catullus. But even I, as a mere casual reader of things in general, had certainly heard of the joke or scandal which is said to have suggested that Sir William Davenant was a natural son of William Shakespeare. Whether this was so or not, Shakespeare certainly knew the Davenants, who kept an inn where he visited, and where (as the writer of this book explains) Southampton himself appeared on the scene at a later stage. Her theory is that Mrs. Davenant was what we should now call a vamp; that she had at one time vamped the poet, and went on later to vamp the peer. But the poet, though his feelings were mixed, could already see through the lady, and was furious at the duping of his friend; and out of this triple tangle of passions came the great tragic sequence of the Sonnets. Upon this I cannot pronounce, beyond repeating that it is set out in this book with great cogency, comprehension, and grip; and without a trace of that indefinable disproportion and lack of balance which makes many learned and ingenious works on such subjects smell faintly of the madhouse. The writer keeps control of the subject, and we feel that, though her conclusions are definite, she would not be seriously upset if they were definitely disproved. She appeals to facts and fairness throughout, and nobody can do more. The documentation and system of references seems to be very thorough, and, in a matter which I am better able to judge, there is nowhere that sense of strain in the argument, or of something altogether far-fetched in the explanation, which continually jars us in most reconstructions of this kind, especially in the dangerous era of Elizabeth. Perhaps, after all, that era really was the great spiritual battle, and Shakespeare and Bacon really were the spirits that met in conflict. But, anyhow, it is a queer paradox that Shakespeare was an obscure and almost unhistorical figure; according to some nameless or worthless, according to others impersonal and self-effacing, but anyhow somewhat elusive and secret; and from him came a cataract of clear song and natural eloquence; while Bacon was a public man of wide renown and national and scientific philosophy; and out of him have come riddles and oracles and fantastic cryptograms and a lifelong hobby for lunatics.



A FAMOUS ROMNEY GOING TO AMERICA: "THE INFANT SHAKESPEARE ATTENDED BY NATURE AND THE PASSIONS," TWO OF THESE FIGURES BEING PORTRAITS OF LADY HAMILTON—ONE OF ROMNEY'S LARGEST CANVASES (55 IN. BY 80 IN.).

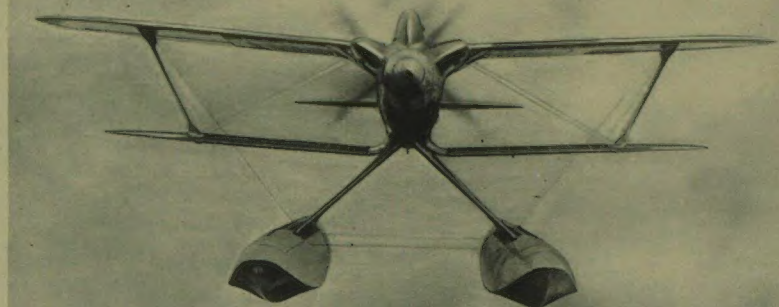
This famous picture, lately the property of Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson, was bought privately a few days ago by Mr. Gabriel Wells for a New York collector, and will ultimately be placed permanently in an American public gallery. Nature, above the child, who is holding a musical pipe, is protecting him with outstretched arms. Reclining in the left foreground is Joy, and above her (to left) are Love, Hatred, and Jealousy. Kneeling on the right is Sorrow, and above her (to right) are Anger, Envy, and Fear. Hovering above Nature are two angels, pointing to the name of Shakespeare. Joy and Love are portraits of Lady Hamilton. The picture is one of the largest Romney ever painted—55 in. by 80 in. It was done for Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery in Pall Mall, and figured in the 1793 catalogue. Later it was acquired by William Chamberlayne, M.P., of Cranbury Park, Hants, and was sold by the late Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne to Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson in 1905.

might say into one great monster. This theory would make an even stranger monster of the Baconian version of Bacon. Not only was he capable of leading two separate public lives, but even of figuring in two opposite political parties. He must have been plotting against himself all night and condemning himself to be hanged on the following day.

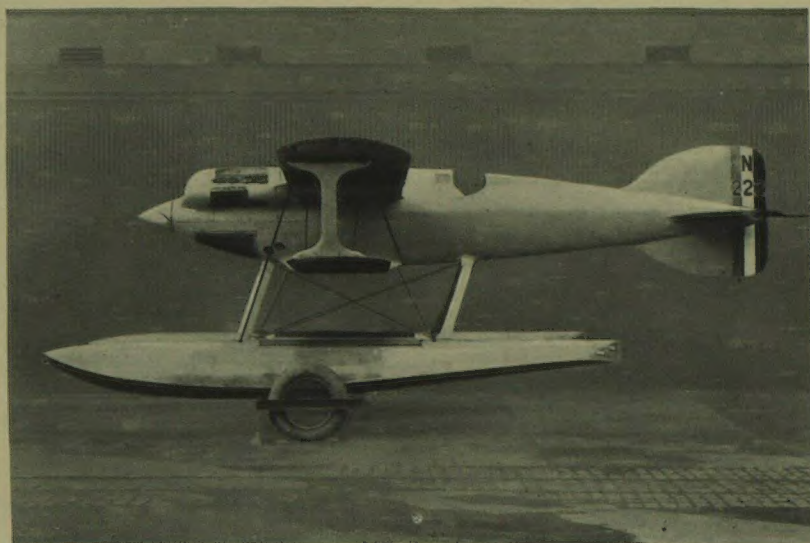
If I say that this fancy would turn Bacon and Shakespeare into Jekyll and Hyde, the partisans of the two parties will probably dispute rather eagerly about which was which. But I, for one, have very little doubt on that point. And I am glad to find that Madame de Chambrun thinks very much the same and knows very much more. If ever there was a base business in human history, it was the method of government which Burleigh and his son conducted in England in the name of Elizabeth; and, I am sorry to say, to some extent with the assistance of Bacon. The people whom Robert Cecil destroyed were all more honest than himself (not that that was saying much), and some of them were sufficiently honourable



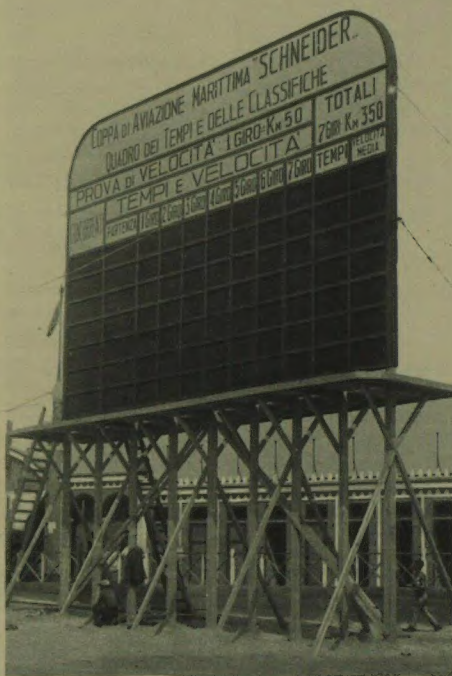
## THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY: BRITAIN BREAKS THE AIR SPEED "RECORD."



THE BRITISH SEAPLANE IN WHICH FLIGHT-LIEUT. S. M. KINKEAD ATTAINED THE HIGHEST SPEED EVER RECORDED OFFICIALLY FOR AIRCRAFT—289 1/2 M.P.H.: THE GLOSTER NAPIER BIPLANE—A FRONT VIEW.



THE GLOSTER NAPIER BIPLANE, FLOWN BY FLIGHT-LIEUT. KINKEAD IN THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY RACE: A SIDE VIEW, SHOWING ITS FISH-LIKE BODY AND LARGE FLOATS.



HOW THE TIMES AND SPEEDS OF EACH CIRCUIT WERE ANNOUNCED TO SPECTATORS ON THE LIDO: THE RESULT BOARD ON THE BEACH.



THE WINNER, WITH THE TWO OTHER BRITISH COMPETITORS: FLIGHT-LIEUT. S. N. WEBSTER (CENTRE), WITH FLIGHT-LIEUTENANTS O. E. WORSLEY (LEFT) AND S. M. KINKEAD (RIGHT).



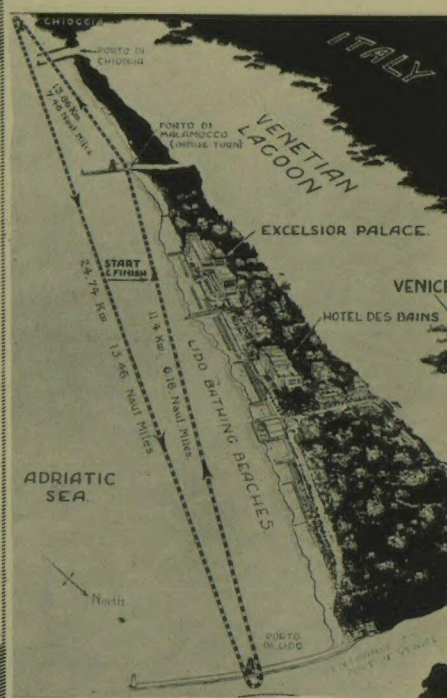
ONE OF THE ITALIAN COMPETITORS: COM. FERRARIN.



ONE OF THE ITALIAN COMPETITORS: CAPT. GUAZZETTI.



LAST YEAR'S WINNER: MAJOR DE BERNARDI (ITALY).



THE SCENE OF THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY SEAPLANE RACE: AN "AERIAL" DRAWING OF THE COURSE ALONG THE LIDO AT VENICE (LOOKING SOUTH-WEST).



THE NEW TYPE OF BRITISH SEAPLANE IN WHICH FLIGHT-LIEUT. WEBSTER WON THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY: THE SUPERMARINE NAPIER "S5" MONOPLANE.



ONE OF THE ITALIAN COMPETING MACHINES: THE MACCHI FIAT NO. 7, FLOWN BY COMMANDER FERRARIN (SEEN ABOARD), THE PILOT OF THE ROME-TOKIO FLIGHT.




WON FOR BRITAIN BY FLIGHT-LIEUT. S. N. WEBSTER: THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY.

As noted on our front page, the race for the Schneider Trophy was won at Venice, on September 26, by a British pilot, Flight-Lieutenant S. N. Webster, in a Supermarine "S5" monoplane, at an average speed of 281.49 m.p.h. All the Italian pilots, including Major de Bernardi, who won the event last year in America, had to abandon the contest. The only other competitor to finish was another British airman, Flight-Lieutenant O. E. Worsley, also in a Supermarine Napier. His average speed was 273.6 m.p.h. The third British entrant, Flight-Lieutenant S. M. Kinkead, although

he was unable to complete the course of 217 miles, attained in the third lap the highest speed ever recorded for aircraft—289 1/2 miles an hour. He was flying a Gloster Napier biplane. The result of this important race was thus a notable triumph for British aviation, and justified the great efforts that had been made by the Air Ministry in having new and special machines built for the event. The race had been originally fixed for Sunday, September 25, but had to be postponed owing to unfavourable weather, much to the disappointment of crowds who had flocked into Venice.





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## ACORN-BARNACLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IN the course of my recent exploration of Jersey I sat one day basking in the sun, on a ledge of rock, waiting for the tide to recede a little further to expose a pool I wanted very much to examine; and, to while away time, I fell to studying the great sweep of the cliffs, and the broad black band which stood out in such strong contrast, on the one hand, with the cream-coloured incrustation of barnacles (Fig. 2) below it, and on the other with the bare rock above it. The black band is, I believe, caused by some minute alga which cannot grow below high-water mark, nor above the reach of the spray formed by the breakers at high tide. This, in itself, was interesting, since it provided a very forcible illustration of the limited, and very exacting, conditions of the environment of this particular alga. It is evidently a plant which has but very slight powers of adaptation.

As I pondered over these things it suddenly occurred to me that the presence of this thick incrustation of barnacles also demanded some explanation. So I clambered further down to investigate. Arrived at the water's edge, I found, to my surprise, a very considerable sprinkling of barnacles on the black band which had started my curiosity. Their presence here was indeed surprising, even though I also found there limpets, and the little wrinkle, *Littorina rudis*, in considerable numbers. All three were living together where, for weeks at a time, they can only be reached by the spray of the sea. Now it is possible, even probable, that these two molluscs travel down to the water at night, during favourable tides, to feed. Some day, perhaps, someone will take the trouble to find out whether this is so. But it is absolutely certain that the barnacles cannot follow them.

We are faced, then, with two problems. How, and when, do they feed, and how did they contrive to get where I found them? Let us take this matter of feeding first. In general appearance the rock-barnacle looks something like a tiny limpet, but with a small hole at the top of the shell (Fig. 3). Though stony-hard, like that of the limpet, it is made up of a series of separate, band-like plates, and these enclose a smaller series to close up the hole at the top.

The mystery about this does not become apparent till one comes to consider their normal method of feeding and breathing. These functions are aroused into activity with each high-tide as soon as they are submerged at high-water. The stony walls are then pulled open, and out of the aperture thus made at the top of the shell, long, curled, much-fringed tendril-like feet are thrust out, and set up an

the second and third pairs answer to the antennae and maxillae of adult crustacea. After the next moult rudiments of true legs appear. Lastly follows a very peculiar "Cypris" stage, in which the body is enclosed between a bivalved shell like a mussel; only here the valves are very delicate and transparent.

Through the valves a pair of compound eyes can be seen, as well as six pairs of swimming feet beset with bristles; while in front will be seen a pair of long, jointed antennules. To these particular attention is to be paid. For on each is a sucker-like disc which plays a part of tremendous importance in the creature's life-history. For, after a further brief spell of the freedom of the seas, it makes for the rocks, and, seizing hold with these suckers, anchors itself down by the head, and forthwith becomes transformed into a barnacle. Now carefully mark the immense difference between this "Cypris" stage body and that of the adult barnacle: the one frail and quite transparent, with eyes, mouth, and limbs easily distinguishable; the other a mere ring of shelly plates immovably fixed. Two important questions present themselves in considering this great and surprising change. The first is: How is the change effected, and how long does it take? I can find no answer to this in any of the text-books I have consulted.

Nor can I find any answer to the second of my queries. It need not take very long, probably not more than a minute or so, for the fixing to take place; but where this occurs on an area likely at any moment to be left high and dry, what provision has Nature made to enable the frail little body to protect itself against the exposure to the open air, and perhaps blazing sun, for long hours before the kindly waters return at high tide? For at that moment, remember, they are *not* "barnacles"—they have no shell. More puzzling still is the case of such as contrive to fix themselves on the black band above high-water mark. Are they flung there in a drop of spray, and contrive, instantly, to apply their suckers to the rock? And what happens when, within the next five minutes, that particle of water has been dissipated by the sun? My friends in Jersey to whom I put this question were unable

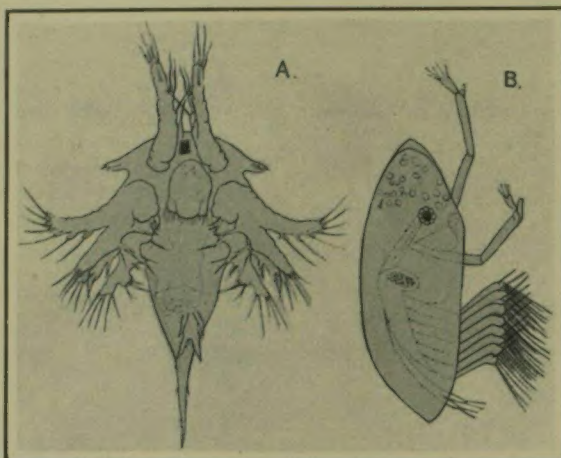


FIG. 1.—FREE-SWIMMING LARVAL STAGES OF THE ACORN-BARNACLE: NAUPLIUS (A) AND CYPRIS (B), THE LATTER PHASE SHOWING TWO LONG ANTENNULES WITH SUCKERS THAT FIX IT TO THE ROCK, WHERE ITS LATER DEVELOPMENT IS A MYSTERY.

Acorn-barnacles begin life as free-swimming organisms assuming different forms at successive moults. In the "Nauplius" stage (left) there are but a single eye and three pairs of limbs. In the last free-swimming or "Cypris" stage (right) the body is enclosed between a pair of shells, and there are several pairs of swimming feet, while the antennules have developed suckers to seize hold of the rocks preparatory to "settling down" for life.

incessant scooping motion, whereby currents of water are drawn in to bathe the gills and bring minute organisms to the mouth. Under these conditions a vast quantity of water is available, for respiratory and feeding purposes. But how do those individuals which have fixed themselves high up on this black band obtain their food, for they can seldom, if ever, be submerged? So far as one can see, they must have to depend on chance organisms thrown up into their open shells in drops of spray during the time of high tide.

So far as I know, no one has ever taken note of these unsubmergeable individuals. I put the question to one or two enthusiastic marine-zoologists I met there, but it had never occurred to them before that they presented anything remarkable in this situation, with which they were quite familiar. But they all agreed that the matter most emphatically demanded investigation. We may assume that both the individuals exposed on the rock at low tide, as well as those which contrive to live wholly out of the water, have become specially adapted to this environment.

And now let me turn to my second query—How do these "low-tide" barnacles manage to obtain a footing at all, here? To appreciate the feat which they have accomplished, one has to recall their singular life-history. The older naturalists regarded the barnacles as mollusca, on account of the stony hardness of their shells and their general likeness to the limpet. That they were really as much crustaceans as crabs and lobsters was first shown by J. Vaughan Williams, though he found it by no means easy to establish his discovery, so incredible did it appear. But nevertheless he was able to show his critics that before the typical barnacle-form was assumed they passed some time in the sea as free-swimming larvae, of the same type as the larvae of other crustacea.

Two of the larval stages are shown in the upper photograph (Fig. 1). That to the left represents what is known as the "Nauplius" stage, answering to the adult stage of some other more lowly crustacea. Herein there is but a single, median eye, an unjointed body, and three pairs of limbs. The anterior end of the body, it will be noticed, is bow-shaped; leaving two projecting spines, each lodging a gland opening at the tip of the spine. Beyond the head stretches a pair of limbs answering to the "antennules," while

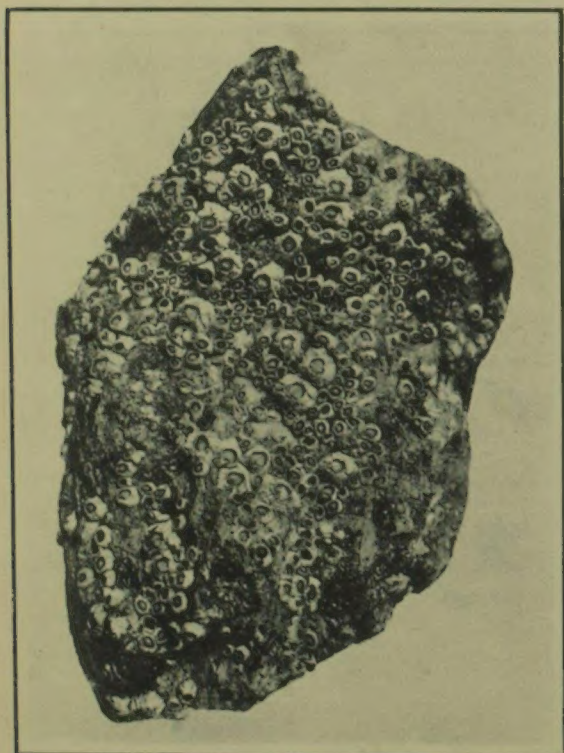


FIG. 2.—ROCK ENCRUSTED WITH ACORN-BARNACLES: CREATURES WHOSE LIFE-HISTORY PRESENTS MANY PROBLEMS, HITHERTO UNSOLVED.

Wherever rocks are exposed at low tide, their surface will be found thickly encrusted with the acorn-barnacle. Some are much larger than others. Are these differences due merely to age?

Thus protected, these little creatures can withstand the pounding of the waves of the wildest storms, as well as the fierce heat of the longest summer's day. Nevertheless, at some time or another, they *must* feed. How do they manage to do it? And, further, how do they manage to breathe?

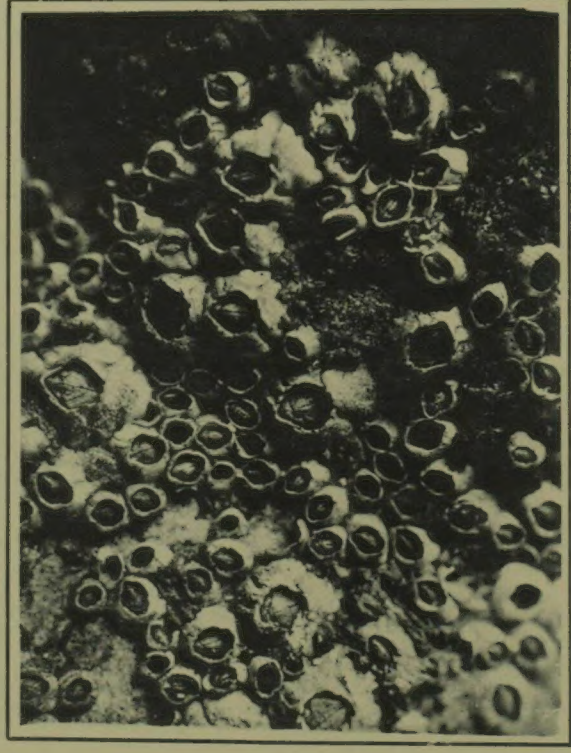


FIG. 3.—ACORN-BARNACLES MAGNIFIED: AN EXTRA-ORDINARY CONTRAST TO THEIR FREE-SWIMMING LARVAL STAGES SHOWN IN FIG. 1.

When magnified, the separate elements of the shell can readily be made out. Only the plates closing the hole are movable. As yet we do not know how the barnacles which have established a footing protect themselves against the danger of smothering by the settlement of new-comers to form another layer.

to give me an answer. I have now to put the same question to one or two eminent "Carcinologists" of my acquaintance. If they can read my riddle I will tell the story here on another occasion. But I suspect this is a matter yet to be investigated.



## LIVE "FRUIT" THAT DEVOURS FRUIT: THE AUSTRALIAN FLYING-FOX.



1. CLUSTERING IN TREES LIKE A THICK CROP OF BLACK PLUMS: MYRIADS OF THE GREY-HEADED FRUIT-BAT, OR FLYING-FOX (*PTEROPUS POLIOCEPHALUS*) IN THEIR DAYTIME CAMP, IN SOUTHERN QUEENSLAND.



3. ONE OF NATURE'S LIVING "AEROPLANES": AN AUSTRALIAN FLYING-FOX, OR FRUIT-BAT—SHOWING THE STRUCTURE OF THE WINGS, AND THEIR SIZE IN COMPARISON WITH THE HUMAN HAND.



2. ROOSTING UPSIDE-DOWN BY DAY: A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF AN AUSTRALIAN FRUIT-BAT, OR FLYING-FOX, HANGING HEAD-DOWNWARD, SUSPENDED FROM A BRANCH BY ITS HIND-CLAWS—SHOWING ALSO THE CLAWED THUMB.



4. A "FOX" FOR WHOM GRAPES ARE NOT "SOUR": THE VULPINE HEAD THAT GIVES THE FRUIT-BAT ITS POPULAR NAME OF FLYING-FOX, SHOWING GREAT CHEST AND SHOULDER DEVELOPMENT AND STRONG HANGING-CLAWS.

These remarkably interesting photographs, by Mr. Otho Webb, of Queensland, are included in the Natural History section of the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, at 35, Russell Square. In his descriptive notes, Mr. Webb says: "These 'flying-foxes' are really giant frugivorous bats belonging to the *Pteropodidae* family of the sub-order *Megachiroptera*. They are common in parts of eastern Australia, where they form large 'camps,' from which they make long journeys at night to localities where fruit may be found. (1) Flying-foxes in their daytime camp. This camp occupies about 25 acres, and contains countless tens of thousands of 'foxes.' When they start in the evening for the feeding-ground, they quite darken the sky, and the air is filled with a loud droning noise from the beating of myriads of wings. They are a great menace to the fruit industry. A visit by this flock to an orchard during the fruiting season means the annihilation of the crop in an incredibly short time. (2) During the day they hang head-down from branches, suspended by their strongly clawed hind-feet. Note the clawed thumb, quite detached from the wing membrane, and used in clambering about trees in search of food or a 'roosting' place. (3) The size may be estimated by comparison with the human hands. The structure of the wing is clearly shown. The four 'fingers' are greatly elongated, and between them is stretched the thin, skinny wing-membrane. (4) This photograph shows the fox-like head, from which arises the popular name of Flying-Fox; the great chest and shoulder development as compared with the relatively small hips; and the strong hanging-claws of the hind-feet."



# A COMPLETE SIGNAL CORPS FOR THE "MOVIES": DIRECTING FIVE-SQUARE-MILE BATTLES BY RADIO, TELEPHONE, AND FLAGS.



1. A HOST OF "ARABS" SPREAD OVER THE DESERT CONTROLLED BY TELEPHONES AND LOUD-SPEAKERS CONCEALED AMONG SAND-DUNES: THOUSANDS OF TRIBESMEN MOVING TO ATTACK A FORT, IN "BEAU GESTE."



2. EQUIPPED WITH TELEPHONE, AND ISSUING ORDERS INTO A MICROPHONE: MR. BRENON, DIRECTOR OF THE FILM "BEAU GESTE," COMMANDING THE "ARABS" SEEN IN NO. 1.



3. RADIO USED TO COMMUNICATE WITH AEROPLANES: THE TYPE OF TRANSMITTING SET OF WHICH MANY WERE PLACED ON THE FIELD OF "BATTLE."



4. PART OF A FILM "BATTLE" IN WHICH THE MOVEMENTS OF 6000 MEN AND 100 AEROPLANES, OVER AN AREA OF FIVE SQUARE MILES, WERE CONTROLLED BY RADIO, TELEPHONES, AND FLAG SIGNALS: "ENEMY" INFANTRY ROUTED BY AMERICAN AEROPLANES AT ST. MIHEL—AN EPISODE IN "WINGS."



5. A 100-FT. TOWER, WITH SEMAPHORE FLAGS (TOP), RADIO AND LOUD-SPEAKERS (NEXT PLATFORM), AND TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD (NEXT).



6. FILM-CAMERAS ON A RAFT, WITH REFLECTORS TO ADD LIGHT: HOW A "CLOSE-UP" WAS TAKEN OF THE "ENEMY" FIRING FROM A RIVER BANK, IN "WINGS."



7. FILMING A VILLAGE UNDER BOMBARDMENT: OPERATING FROM A SAFE DISTANCE (150 YARDS) THE ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED CAMERA.



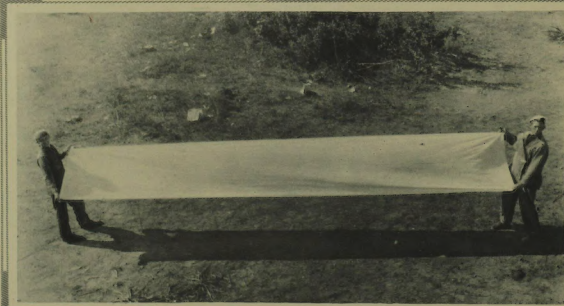
8. AN ADVANCE OF INFANTRY AND TANKS, UNDER AEROPLANE PROTECTION, ACROSS THE STRICKEN FIELD: A SECTION OF A GREAT FILM "BATTLE" THAT WAS DIRECTED BY SCIENTIFIC METHODS, INCLUDING FLAG SIGNALS, TELEPHONES, AND RADIO.



9. "BOMBARDING" THE VILLAGE OF "ST. MIHEL" FROM A SHELTERED POSITION AT A SAFE DISTANCE: AN OPERATOR MANIPULATING ELECTRICAL APPARATUS THAT DETONATED EXPLOSIVES IN THE VILLAGE.



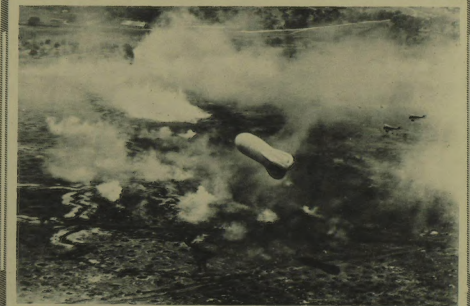
10. CONVEYING ORDERS TO AEROPLANES DURING THE FILMING OF "WINGS": SIGNALING WITH A SEMAPHORE FLAG DURING THE FILMING OF "WINGS."



11. ANOTHER METHOD OF CONTROLLING THE FLEET OF 100 AEROPLANES ENGAGED IN THE "BATTLE": A TYPE OF SIGNAL KNOWN AS A "PANEL," BY MEANS OF WHICH (IN VARIOUS FORMS) PILOTS WERE TOLD WHERE TO MANEUVER, DIVE, AND SO ON.



12. A FILM "GENERAL" WITH "ORDERS OF THE DAY" FOR HIS AIR FORCES: MR. WILLIAM WELLMAN, DIRECTOR OF "WINGS," ANNOUNCING THAT THERE WOULD BE NO AERIAL BATTLE OWING TO THE CLOUDS BEING TOO HIGH.

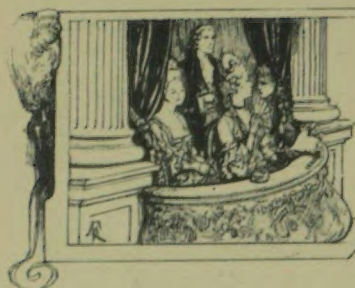


13. A "SAUSAGE" BALLOON AND TWO AEROPLANES AMID THE SMOKE OF BATTLE ABOVE THE TRENCHES: A REALISTIC PART OF THE ACTION IN THE WAR FILM "WINGS," CONTROLLED BY SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF COMMUNICATION.

In the "Scientific American," by whose courtesy we reproduce these interesting photographs, Mr. A. P. Peck recently described "The Signal Corps of the Movies," including telephones, radio, electric lights, and flags. The first two photographs relate to the film "Beau Geste," showing an Arab attack on a fort in the Sahara held by the French Foreign Legion. This picture was made in a desert of Arizona, where thousands of cowboys represented the African tribesmen. "This multitude," says the director, Mr. Herbert Brenon, "had to be scattered over the face of the desert, yet kept within the camera lines and always subject to the orders of the director. . . . Loud-speaking telephones and field-telephones were located at strategic points. By means of these I was able to keep in constant touch with the various units. The wires connecting the various reproducers on the desert were hidden by the irregularities of the sands. Larger dunes concealed the speakers." The other photographs illustrate the making of the war film "Wings." "Over 200 aeroplanes, numerous tanks, and many field and machine-guns were brought into service. To keep all the parts of this large organization in accord, a complicated signal-system

was required. . . . To keep the aeroplanes within the camera lines was a problem finally solved by the use of radio. Powerful short-wave transmitting sets (Photograph No. 8) were located on the ground. These communicated with the pilots. The story works up to a climax in the battle of St. Mihiel. Over 6000 men and 100 aeroplanes were employed, 'battling' over an area of five square miles. . . . The engineering section erected a framework tower 100 ft. high (No. 3). At the top was a platform for signal-men with semaphore flags; 25 ft. below them a complete radio broadcasting station was installed, with a battery of ten loud-speakers. A switchboard for the vast system of field-telephones (seventy-two) was placed on a platform at the 50-ft. level. . . . The script called for scenes in a village under bombardment. To eliminate danger for the camera-men, electrically controlled cameras were located in the village, buried in the ground, or protected. The illustration (No. 5) shows the control end of the camera system. In the box are the storage batteries. The operator need only press a switch. A director beside him has a telephone set communicating throughout the 'battle area.' This film was made at San Antonio, Texas.





# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



## "THE BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS."

FOR those determined pessimists who persist in shaking a gloomy head over the future of British films—and there are many of them, both within and without the fortress—no better tonic could be advised than a visit to "The Somme," at the Marble Arch Pavilion, and "The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands," at the New Gallery. To have put two such films in the field within so short a space of time is surely an achievement which merits a few of the superlatives so generously lavished on far lesser efforts. "The Somme" gives us a page of history most faithfully and reverently reconstructed. "The Coronel and Falkland Isles" goes even a step further. For, whilst it follows in closest detail the actual story of the two naval engagements, and departs in no wise from authenticated facts, the whole thing has been seen and moulded with such rare vision that at times it rises to the heights of tragic beauty; from beginning to end the drama of it grips. If Captain Walter Summers, the producer, can keep up to the level of this picture, he must be ranked amongst the greatest film-directors of the moment.

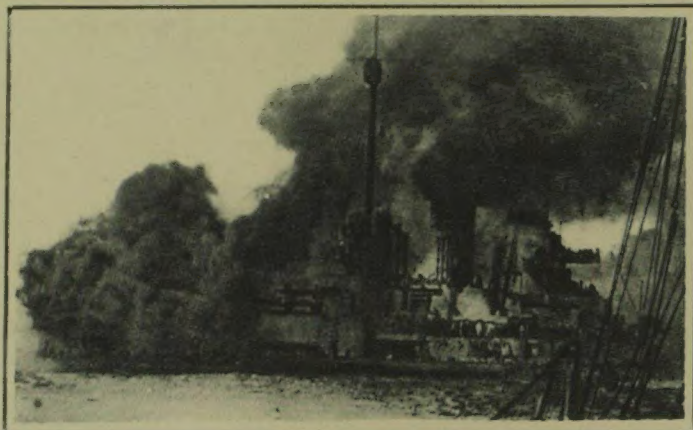
Dramatically, he has divided his production into two parts. The first ends on the note of disaster; the second reaches a triumphant climax. Without much delay we are taken to the coast of Chile, where the cruisers *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Glasgow* are patrolling the high seas in protection of the coaling and wireless station on the Falkland Islands. The cruisers encounter the much stronger German squadron of

extraordinary atmosphere of concentrated labour, muscle-straining endeavour, is created. Never before has the huge machinery of war, the desperate need of haste, the ordered turmoil and organised "hustle" on the home front found such vivid expression.

Out of all this hurry and bustle and noise the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* seem to rise and glide forth

deal more than a mere statement of facts. Many of his actual battle-scenes are made doubly impressive by an angle of vision that I can only call soberly impressionistic. The drift of smoke, with a sudden glimpse of an angry gun, the tilt of spars on a broken and beaten ship, the tragic pile of humanity round a gun that has but one man left to serve it—all these things are eloquent of the terrors of Naval warfare. And the utter helplessness of the battered hulks that were once so strong and proud, slowly settling down as they receive their last quietus, is brought home to us with overwhelming force. The picture has its lighter moments—the drilling of the quaint but dauntless squad of island Volunteers; the stoking of the *Kent* with all the loose wood on board, including the chaplain's harmonium—but none of these episodes is allowed to disturb the steady progress of the drama. Not the least of the producer's achievements lies in the fact that he has brought beauty and humour into unity with his warlike theme.

The encouragement and protection of the British film industry is never more practically expressed than in the facilities placed at the disposal of individual producers by the Government. It is inconceivable that "The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands" could have been made without the support of the Admiralty. The list of ships, German and English, "impersonated" by battle-ships and cruisers of our present Fleet is sufficient in itself to indicate the extent of the Admiralty's co-operation in the



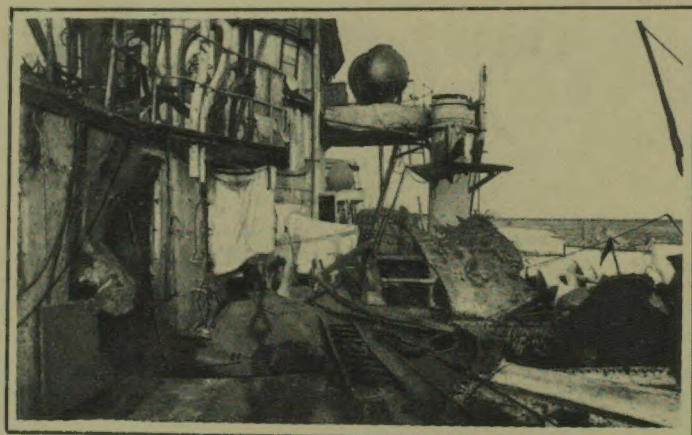
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "SEYDLITZ" AT JUTLAND: A SCENE OF THE NEW FILM, "WHEN FLEET MEETS FLEET"—DESCRIBED AS AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH.

like two winged and silent avengers. Under the command of Admiral Sturdee, they and the five light cruisers attached to them reach the Falkland Islands a few hours before Von Spee's arrival. Von

Spee has sent two of his ships in advance expecting to meet only a feeble resistance from the island Volunteers. A cloud of smoke hangs over the island; the Germans take it to be due to the islanders burning their coal in a panic. It clears away, and the tripod masts of Sturdee's ships stand revealed! Von Spee orders retirement at full speed. Sturdee raises steam and overhauls his enemy. Von Spee tries to cover the escape of his light cruisers; but eventually, after all the fugitives have been rounded up, the German Admiral pays the dread price for his earlier victory. Of all his squadron, only the *Dresden*

escapes—he himself follows the glorious example of Cradock, and goes down with his ship.

In producing this Naval battle film, Captain Summers has, as I have indicated, achieved a great



THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "DERFFLINGER" AFTER BEING HIT: A DECK SCENE DURING THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND, AS SHOWN IN THE FILM "WHEN FLEET MEETS FLEET."

making of this film. The Naval stations of Malta, Portsmouth, Weymouth, and Devonport were each visited in turn, and in turn entered into the field of action with whole-hearted zest. Officers and men of the Fleet, "mateys" of the dockyards, and the crews of the dockyard tugs, all of them did their bit in helping this big undertaking on its way to successful completion. The enterprise was financed by Mr. A. E. Bundy, and the production controlled by Mr. H. Bruce Woolf, managing director of British Instructional Films, Ltd.; but without the very active part played by the British Navy the film could never, one imagines, have risen from the pages of the producer's plans at all.

I have been struck of late with the slow but steady defeat of sentimentality on the screen. Public taste is gradually finding its feet. I can only put it that way, for if ever any form of entertainment pandered to the least desirable demands of the public, it has been, alas! that of the kinema. When, in the first fine frenzy of discovering that real tears could run down real faces at a moment's notice, the public-wallowed in emotionalism, Hollywood gave it glycerine tears *ad lib.*, and is still inclined to do so. Now, it seems to me, the moment has come

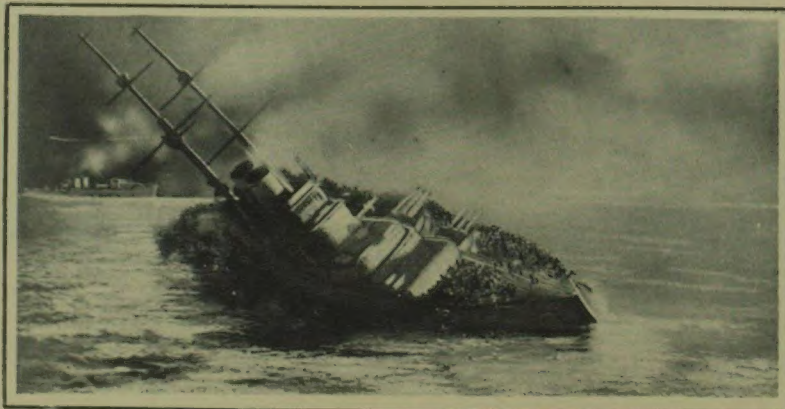
(Continued on page 532.)



THE BLOWING-UP OF H.M.S. "INVINCIBLE": ONE OF THE EPISODES IN THE FILM "WHEN FLEET MEETS FLEET," DESCRIBED AS "ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF SHIPS ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND."

Admiral Graf von Spee; but, in spite of overwhelming odds, Rear-Admiral Cradock decides to give battle, hoping that at least he may protect the trade routes by partially crippling his enemy. In the waning light of day he forces the action which culminates in the sinking of *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*. Meanwhile, the old battle-ship *Canopus*, owing to an engine defect, has been limping along far in the rear, unable to lend a helping hand at the critical moment. If only she had been able to come up in time! That "if only" adds much to the poignancy of the drama, whilst the glimpses we get of the lame duck lagging sadly behind heighten the tension of Cradock's heroic but desperate venture.

Away in England, the news spurs Lord Fisher to instant action. With characteristic energy he sets the dockyards buzzing. His order is to prepare the cruisers *Inflexible* and *Invincible*—and he gets the work done, too, in two days under scheduled time. Here is the link to the two dramatic halves—the feverish activity of the dockyards. It is brought home to us in impressionistic "shots" of ever-hurrying feet, the swing of hundreds of hammers, the throb and grind of countless engines, great pistons rising and falling, great wheels revolving, until an



THE CLIMAX OF THE FILM "WHEN FLEET MEETS FLEET"—A ROMANCE OF THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND: THE SINKING OF THE GERMAN SHIP "GRAND DUKE," COMMANDED BY THE ENGLISH HEROINE'S GERMAN HUSBAND.

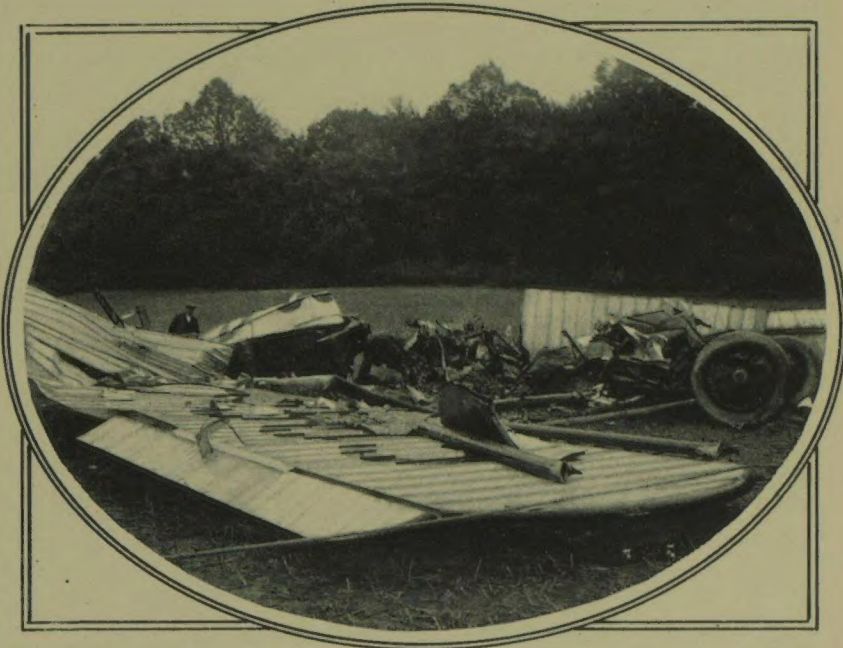
The new film, "When Fleet Meets Fleet," which is a Stark-International production, is sub-titled as "A Romance of the great Battle of Jutland." A summary of the story says: "It is a romantic drama, based upon facts which actually occurred... centring on a friendship before the war of two naval commanders, one British and the other German, and their love for an English girl. The film shows actual scenes taken during the war, of both British and German ships, and the climax portrays the sinking of an enormous battle-cruiser."



# RECENT EVENTS IN GERMANY: A PAGE OF TOPICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



WHERE THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES (BARON VON MALTZAN) AND FIVE OTHER PERSONS WERE KILLED: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GERMAN AIR DISASTER AT SCHLEIZ, IN THURINGIA.



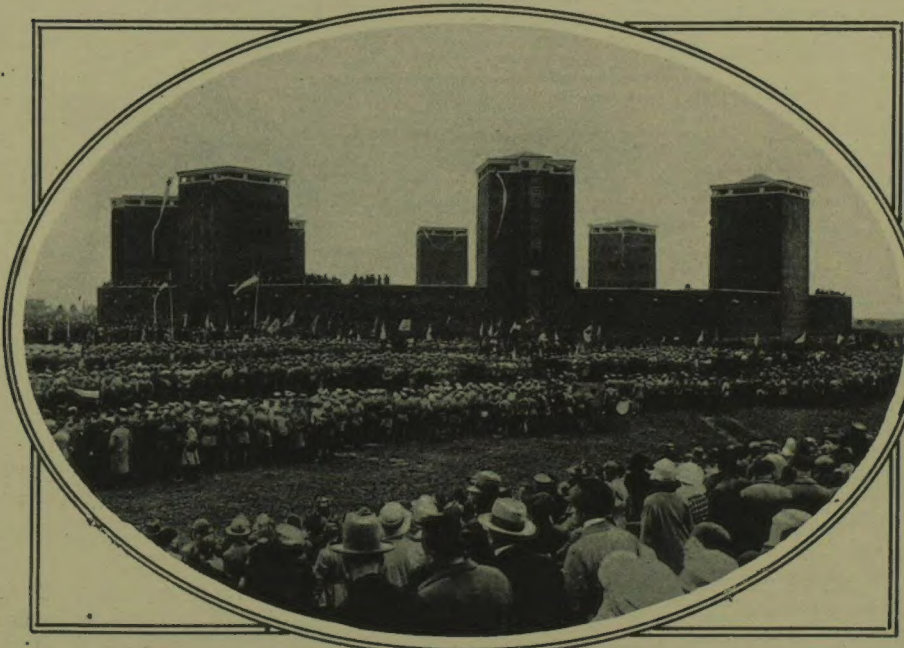
SHOWING (IN LEFT FOREGROUND) THE WING OF THE AEROPLANE THAT FELL APART FROM THE REST OF THE MACHINE: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE AFTER THE DISASTER AT SCHLEIZ.



A GERMAN DRESS PARADE, REPRESENTING A LADY'S LIFE "FROM MORNING TILL MIDNIGHT": "THE AWAKENING."



ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE GERMAN DRESS PARADE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: BREAKFAST, WITH ROBOT-LIKE FIGURES.



THE GERMAN NATIONAL MEMORIAL AT TANNENBERG: THE SCENE OF PRESIDENT HINDENBURG'S "NO WAR-GUILT" SPEECH.

A cracked propeller was the explanation which the Lufthansa experts had to offer as the cause of the extraordinary disaster, at Schleiz, to their "Mercur" type aeroplane, which was noted for reliability.—At the novel German dress parade illustrated above, all kinds of costumes, stuffs, and toilet requisites were introduced by a series of striking tableaux entitled "From Morning Till Midnight."—



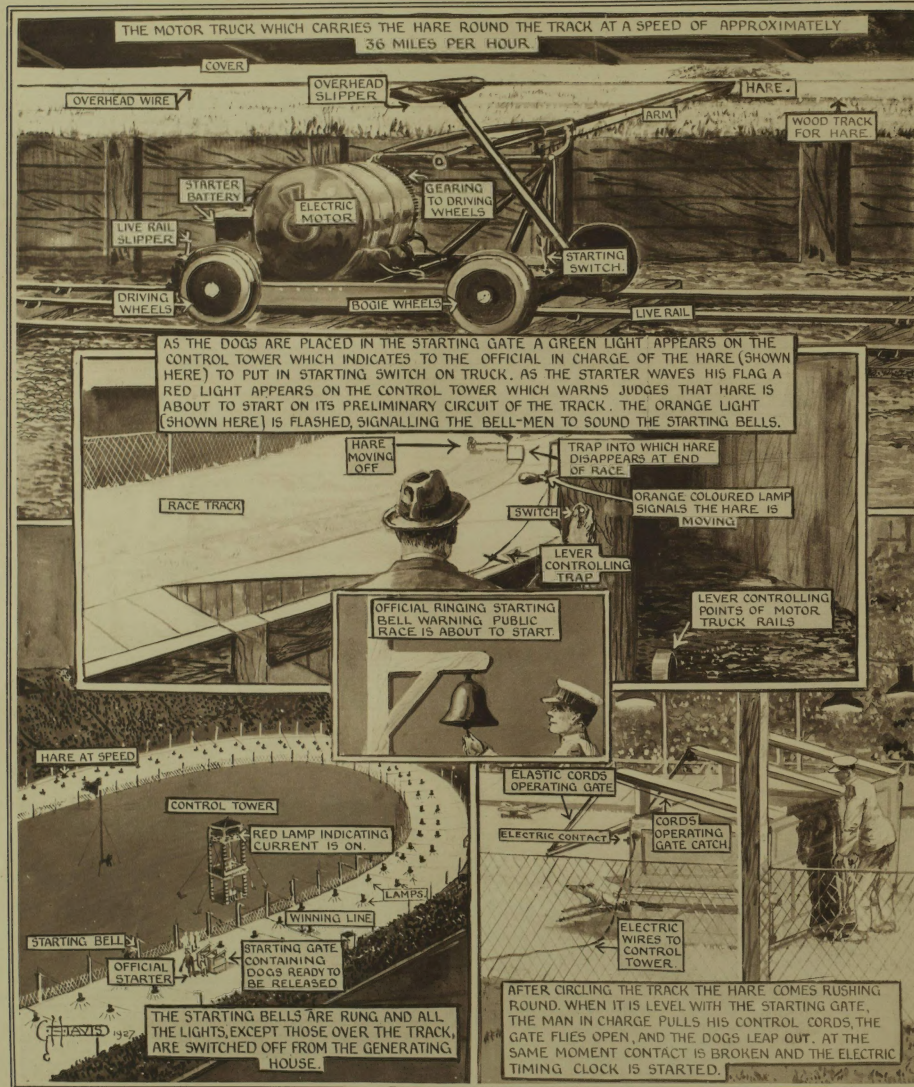
AT TANNENBERG: (L. TO R. IN FRONT), PRESIDENT HINDENBURG MAKING HIS SPEECH, GENERAL KAHNS, AND GENERAL LUDENDORFF (WITH CLOAK FLUTTERING).

President Hindenburg repudiated at Tannenberg "the accusation that Germany was responsible for the greatest of wars," and said: "It was an extreme measure resorted to in preservation of our existence against a host of enemies. Germany is ready to prove this fact before impartial judges." The fortress-like Tannenberg memorial is symbolical of East Prussia as an outpost among surrounding Slavs.



# BEHIND THE SCENES OF GREYHOUND-RACING: THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,

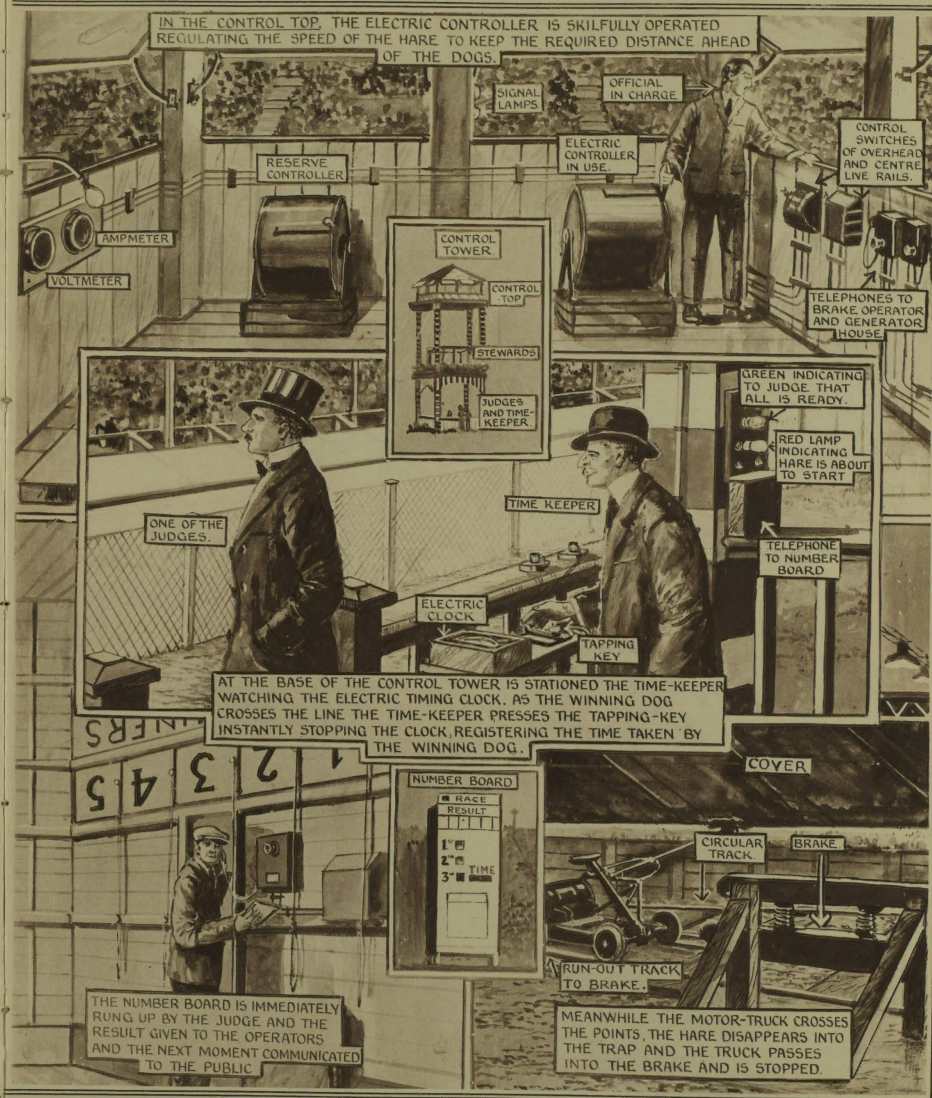


## THE MECHANISM OF GREYHOUND-RACING: METHODS OF RUNNING AND CONTROLLING

Very few of the hundreds of thousands of people who follow the new and popular sport of greyhound-racing know anything about the wonderful electrical devices that are employed behind the scenes. The above drawings cover the whole field of operations, and explain how the hare is driven round its track at over thirty-six miles an hour, and how everything is controlled. The spectators see the dogs paraded by the kennel-men, with the hare covered by a wooden box hiding it from the dogs as they pass in parade. The greyhounds, having been examined by the judges, are placed in the starting gate. The starter waves his flag, a red light appears in the tower, and at once the hare sets off on its preliminary run round the track. All the other lights except those directly illuminating the track are simultaneously switched off. After circling the track to gather speed, the hare comes rushing past the starting gate. Instantly the starter signals to the trapman to pull his cords and allow the elastic cords to pull open the starting gate. The dogs immediately leap

# MECHANICAL SIDE OF A NEW AND POPULAR SPORT.

G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)

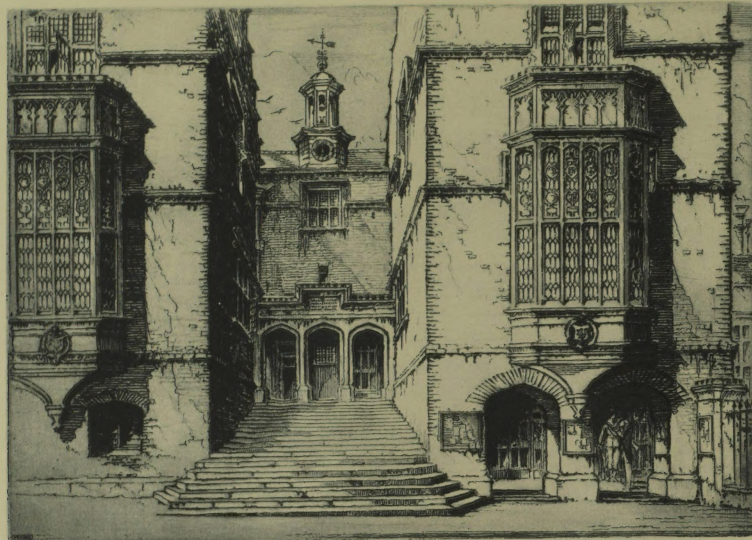


## THE ELECTRIC HARE, STARTING THE DOGS, TIME-KEEPING, AND REGISTERING THE RESULTS.

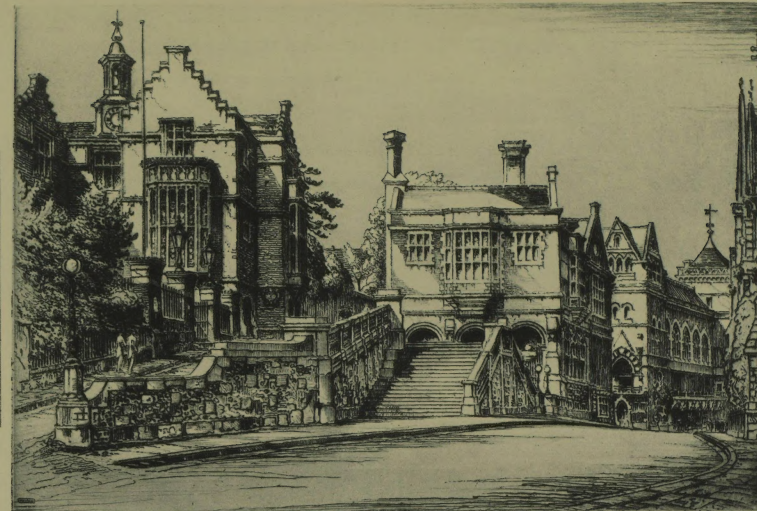
out, catch sight of the hare, and the race has begun. As the door of the gate flies open an electric device sets going the timing-clock, which records in hundredth parts of a second the time taken by the winning dog. The trap is moved off the course and the race run. The judges next communicate by telephone with the officials in the number-board house, and by means of huge numbers the result is communicated to the public. Meanwhile, as the race finishes the man in control of the motor truck is ready to open the door of the trap into which the hare disappears, the kennel-men are waiting to receive their panting charges, and the winning and second dogs are taken and paraded before the judges. One of the most important officials is the man in the top compartment of the control tower, who controls the speed of the hare by a drum-like electrical controller. All electrical devices are in duplicate to guard against breakdown, and the motor truck is driven on alternate nights by live rail or live overhead wire, one always being in reserve in case the other should fail.



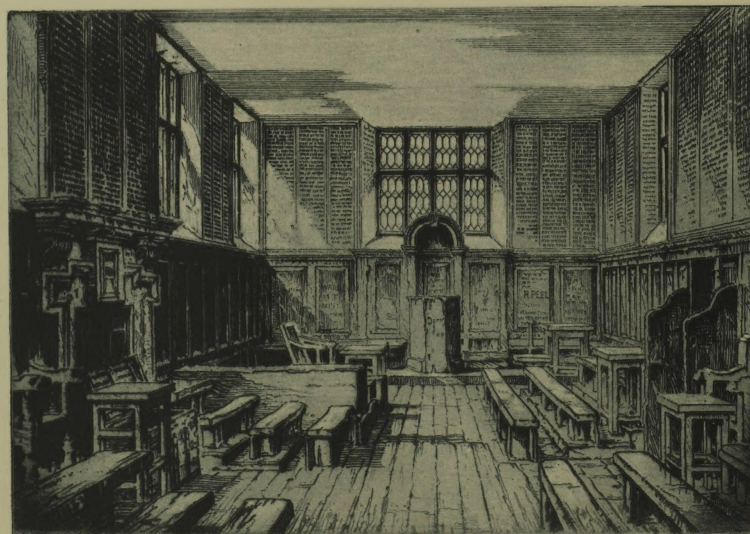
# A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL THAT HAS GIVEN BRITAIN SIX PRIME MINISTERS, INCLUDING MR. BALDWIN: HARROW.



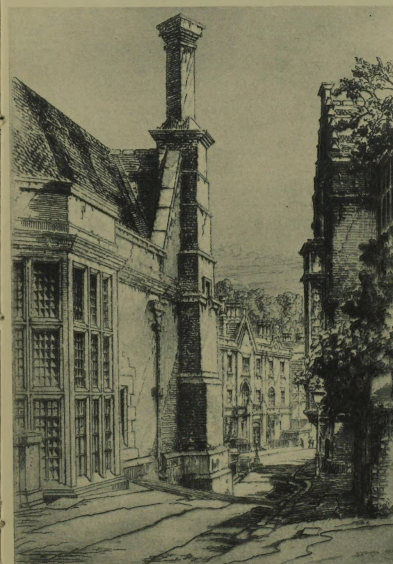
"OLD SCHOOL STEPS": PART OF THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS OF HARROW SCHOOL, FOUNDED IN 1571, DURING QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN, BY JOHN LYON, YEOMAN, AS A GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR POOR BOYS.



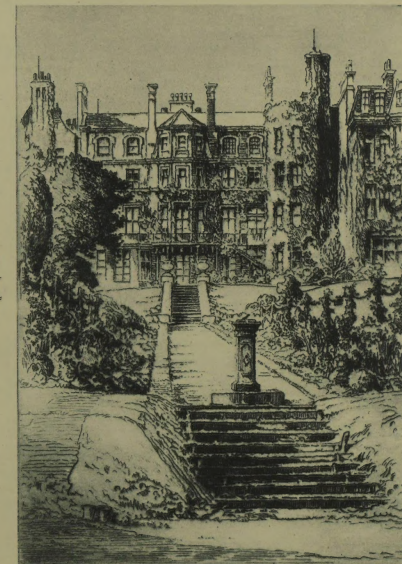
"THE WAR MEMORIAL": THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS (BEYOND THE STEPS IN THE CENTRE), INCLUDING A SHRINE INSCRIBED WITH THE NAMES OF OVER SIX HUNDRED HARROVIANS WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR.



"FOURTH FORM ROOM": ONE OF THE ORIGINAL ROOMS OF THE OLD SCHOOL, AND DATING FROM 1608—ITS PANELS CARVED WITH A MULTITUDE OF NAMES, INCLUDING THOSE OF BYRON, SHERIDAN, PEELE, AND PALMERSTON.



"CHURCH HILL": A SCENE FAMILIAR TO GENERATIONS OF HARROVIANS, WITH SCHOOL BUILDINGS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ROAD.



"THE HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE": AT PRESENT THE RESIDENCE OF DR. CYRIL NORWOOD, WHO SUCCEEDED DR. LIONEL FORD AS HEADMASTER LAST YEAR.

Harrovians will welcome the new set of six beautiful etchings of their old school, by Mr. William Monk, R.E., of which five are here reproduced. They form a companion series to those of Eton (given in our issue of December 19, 1925) and Winchester (in that of October 2, 1926). Harrow was founded in Queen Elizabeth's time, by a wealthy yeoman named John Lyon, as a grammar school for poor boys living in the parish. He obtained a charter from the Queen in 1571, but there were no school buildings for some forty years, the teaching meanwhile being conducted in the old Church House near the churchyard. It was not until about twenty years after the founder's death that the oldest of the existing school buildings were ready for use. In the last year of his life (1591) John Lyon extended admission to his school to boys living outside the parish, or, as he worded it, "so many Foreigners as . . . the place can conveniently contain." For 200 years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, the original school buildings remained as provided by Lyon's bequest. Then, in 1819-20, a new wing was added to the Old School, as it is now called, containing a Speech-Room and a Library.

FROM A PORTFOLIO OF NEW ETCHINGS BY WILLIAM MONK, R.E. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS,

The famous Fourth Form Room, dating from 1608, is one of the original class-rooms of the Old School. Among the numerous names carved on the panels are those of Byron, Sheridan, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Palmerston. The Speech-Room of 1820 was replaced in 1877 by the present building. The present school Library was built in 1863 as a memorial to the celebrated Headmaster, Dr. Vaughan (1845-59). The first school Chapel was built in 1839, the boys having previously attended the Parish Church. The modern Chapel, built in 1857, contains the Crimean and South African War memorials to Harrovians. The foundation-stone of the school's Great War Memorial was laid on Founder's Day (October 6, 1921) by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was dedicated by him, and opened by Mr. Baldwin (also an old Harrovian) on June 3 last year. The Archbishop recalled that Mr. Baldwin was the sixth Prime Minister that Harrow had produced. The memorial consists partly of buildings for school purposes, and partly of a shrine which commemorates over 600 Harrovians who fell in the war.

MESSRS. E. J. BURROW AND CO. LTD., IMPERIAL HOUSE, CHELTENHAM, AND CENTRAL HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.



# THE WISDOM OF THE MODEST ONE.

"A CHINAMAN'S OPINION OF US." By HWUY-UNG.\*

FLEEING before those who sentenced reformers to the sword, Hwuy-ung, Promoted Scholar, Mandarin of the Blue Button, and Modest One, turned his back to the walls of his native village, Jen Te Chuang, escaped from his "origin-land," and reached Melbourne in the spring of 1899. He found *O-sei-lia* passing strange. "When I came to this country," he wrote to the scholar Tseng Ching, "I was in a new life, a reincarnation; ten thousand things were different." His first difficulty was to recognise individuals: "Just as their language has the sameness of the desert of Gobi, so is their appearance." Those "eating-helps" the knife and fork bothered him; and the meals were not to his taste. "Chop-sticks are unknown. . . . The flesh of the horse, the dog, the cat, and the goat I have not seen anywhere. Nor are rats used for food, though they may be seen in the City of the Rams (Canton), where they are considered good for strengthening the growth of hair, just as dog's flesh enables one to withstand the heat of summer. . . . The milk of the cow is everywhere drunk; of it they make a solid which I have tasted, but it produced in me an effect that brought to my mind my ocean suffering." As to *Pia*, that he did not care about: the custom of *shau-ting* in turn struck him as leading to surfeit! Wine at a wedding, a "knotting," gave him "pain in the head like one beaten a hundred boards," and he moralised: "In truth, now time I believe that 'Drinking is good institution only when there is good deportment in it.'"

Western clothes, which he felt compelled to adopt after the silk of his official robes had been soiled by "dirty missiles" thrown by street boys, he thought "vertex" restricting. "My sleeping-room," he told his friend of the elegant pencil, "had, besides a movable *k'ang*, several chairs, one or two little tables, and a long box having three or four boxes sliding in it where cotton and linen garments are put, some of them stiffened and polished. One of these garments is white and shiny in front, and as stiff as a brass plate. Around the neck they wear a hard band which took me long time to endure; it is most unpleasant in this hot weather, for it is like a small cangue. Other articles worn round the wrists like manacles are also of linen, hardened with gum, and very shiny. Why they should punish themselves with wearing these things I do not know, unless it may be as a penance for their sins, as is practice amongst some of our Buddhist monks. . . . Perhaps these cramping clothes are necessary check to their fury, instituted by their sages."

He became reconciled to these and many kindred novelties; and soon he learnt the tongue of the "red-haired race" and to understand those "new-hear papers" that are read "from west to east." Even, he saw the good in Sport—save racing and the attendant betting presided over by "those with the hawk's nose" who were "kept by the simple-minded." *Kli-kei*, where "they struck fiercely with heavy flat clubs at a hard ball, and sometimes hit"; bowls, "much in favour with old men and old-minded young men . . . slow and tedious"; *Foo-poh*, "very violent game played with a large ball of goose-egg pattern, filled with air, and kicked with the foot"; *Teh-ni* and *Pi-lia*; for these he felt "top admiration," writing: "This 'Sport' we must introduce in the Middle Kingdom. Will make us more capable as individuals, more powerful as nation. An army of men wise in these games how defeat?"

And after a while he appreciated to the full the virtues and values of the motor-cars of which he had said: "Why do they allow these machines that kill men on the public road?" of well-kept railways and highways, "like veins and arteries in body of a man"; of unbiased justice, cleanliness, and general education; of that "iron electric-serpent," the telephone; of the phonograph, the modern telescope; electricity, wireless, machinery, moving pictures, the submarine, and the "contrivance like a bird, governed

by a man," which "can rise from the earth or the water, and fly more quickly and higher than the eagle": "For these marvellous powers, refuse admiration who can? . . . These are doings of men we have in our conceit called barbarians, and have pictured in our country as monsters, having ears reaching down to the ground, and with short legs and long arms like monkeys! . . . with machinery and science men can do in their lives the deeds of twenty lives, so he be said to live twenty times longer."

What gave him most concern was the Western woman: her lack of Celestial restraint, her methods, and her modes. "Ai-ya! what manner of propriety was in their garments?" For long, he deemed her immodest, with Fashion as her God. His cousin's wife—an Australian—puzzled him sorely. "My cousin," he commented, "has adopted all the customs of this country. His wife . . . commands him and he must obey. If she has not her will, it may be said of her scolding that 'men are worn out and horses are exhausted'; for she is 'the female fowl that announces the morning.' Therefore she occupies the higher seat. . . . Can heaven and earth endure such iniquity?" Yet he added: "While I believe that women have too much freedom, I think that with us they not have enough. In

noble conduct and great deeds. Ying's [England's] famous men not be more famous if I say *Pak* ('Earl') *Cha-ki-spia* or *Han* ('Marquis') *Mil-tong*. . . . In this land titles much importance. 'Sir' before name much desired; some men not want it. But wives consider in suspense be called 'Lady' *Meh-li* or 'Lady' *Jih-mai-mah*, and wear tall hat. Husbands must please them, so accept title of 'Knight,' coupled with 'Sir.' . . . More high title of 'Sir' is for *Nam* ('Baronet'), for it is hereditary, though progeny be four-square block."

With others he was in accord, and his agreement with them strengthened as he grew out of the "milk-age" of his Western experiences, clipped his aristocratic nails, "lost" his ancestors, and realised that it is profitless to covet the impossible: it is "like climbing a tree to seek fish." He might write "In comparing the civilisations of China and the West, that of the former is as the fruit that is green and unripe, while that of the latter is ripe and, in some instances, rotten"; but he was fair both to "the black-haired race," the Chinese, and to the *Fan Kwei*, the Foreign Devils, he hungered to oust from the Great Flowery People's Kingdom—with slight ignominy and proper compensation. For always he endeavoured to follow that "Doctrine of the Mean between extremes" which would

"confer happiness and be true civilisation"; and always he had in mind: "I must . . . obtain record not to fall into the common error of despising what is not understood—a failing peculiar to the ignorant."

As he merged into "Mr. Hughie Young," in fact, he began more and more to understand the mentality of the whites, and to a considerable extent he respected it, especially as he saw it amongst the stolid, but "more heart-expanded," farmers and bush-dwellers, when

he was an invalid with an indifferent lung and a wooden leg.

"On return I be utensil for our race" was his hope, and he spared no pains to learn the "explanation-rules" and to apply his learning. China was his spiritual home, "China for the Chinese" his cry, but he urged that "even good must be sacrificed to obtain better," and his revolutionary, Republican, ideas were sane rather than sanguinary, and were by no means only Oriental. Fearing factions and civil war he would have hastened slowly, to a future, a "not-come," of pride and peace: "we destined be top powerful nation on earth!" But there must be firmness and unity and an acceptance of new ideas. "The rich and powerful and the poor and weak; as in the sea there are big and little fish. Big fish eat up little fish; but sometimes little fish in myriads attack big fish and strike it die. This constant fight to live goes on in the four quarters. Old time we had little experience; we were like the gold and silver fish in a marble basin—big fish all not could come near us. We must become big fish or we be swallowed up. If one is strong, it is well; if one is weak it is ten parts not good. I have learnt that lesson in this place. More I yielded, more was demanded. That while time I yielded less, and less

was demanded of me. Now I not yield, but try to make others yield, and they have respect. So must we act towards the Nations; but we not can if we have no bone."

Such was his creed, and it could not be said of him: "When the mind is not present, we look and do not see; we hear and do not understand; we eat and do not know the taste of what we eat"; and on occasion he preached "Keep mouth like stoppered bottle; guard thought as a walled city." Had he not been drowned in 1912 while on his way to aid Sun Yat-sen, Provisional President of the Chinese Republic, very much more would have been heard of him; and it is likely that, had he been in power, the present condition of his beloved country would have been less chaotic, with the best of the West wedded to the best of the East. As it is, we have his wise Letters—some admittedly "sour, unripe fruit," many enlightening, all human, all significant. "A Chinaman's Opinion of Us and of His Own Country"—"Shall I erase it from my mind? How can?" It is "ten parts" instructive, and entertaining the while.

E. H. G.



A CHAMELEON (ON TOP OF POST) EAGER TO ACCEPT THE PROFFERED TIT-BIT—A GRASSHOPPER: THE FIRST OF A UNIQUE SET OF PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE CHAMELEON GETS ON HIS HIND-LEGS IN AN ATTITUDE OF KEEN ANTICIPATION: THE SECOND STAGE OF THE PROCEEDINGS.



THE CHAMELEON DARTS OUT HIS LONG TONGUE AND SNAPS UP THE DAINTY MORSEL: THE CLIMAX OF A UNIQUE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN IN PALESTINE.

These photographs of a chameleon devouring a grasshopper are probably unique, especially the third one, as the enormous length of tongue flashes out only for an instant, and is extremely difficult to "catch." The "Royal Natural History" says of chameleons: "From the lizards proper these reptiles are distinguished by their worm-like extensible tongues, which are club-shaped and viscous at the extremity, and capable of being protruded with the rapidity of lightning from 4 to 6 inches. . . . Another peculiarity is the eye, a very large and prominent globe. . . . (In a) deliberate way a chameleon rolls round one of these extraordinary eyes until it has focussed it on the fly about to be caught by the tongue."

our eighteen provinces a good woman not often goes beyond the outer court. It might be allowed them to have view of the outside world in closed chair once each moon. This reform I have the baseness to suggest to the superior wisdom of my elder brother. A woman in our village said that in her next incarnation she hoped to be a dog, so she would be free to roam about on four sides. The women here have that wish without becoming dogs."

Other things outraged him—war, money-worship, and the religion that is mere show and a series of sects; profiteering middlemen, each having "good bite of article passing through his hands"; the use of the gory adjective. "a word that sounds like 'Pla-ti'"; "female bright singers who throw voice so high I have fear they burst vein and eject fresh blood"; sex novels; strikes; people who got "drink-drunk"; "ruling price" Trusts.

Others amused him—and made him contemptuous: "Beloved associate, among reforms, as you know, we have intention to abolish titles and conferred honours, handed down, not handed down. Man's honour seen in

\* "A Chinaman's Opinion of Us and of His Own Country." Written by Hwuy-ung, Mandarin of the Fourth Button. Translated by J. A. Makepeace, M.A. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. net.)



## REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN CRETE; AND A WRECKED MUSEUM REPAIRED.

"AFTER eleven months' hard work," writes Professor Halbherr, "under the direction of Professor Xanthoudides, the well-known Cretan archæologist, the repairs to the Museum of Candia have been completed, and the famous masterpieces of Minoan art, for the fate of which the archæological world was so anxious last year, are now to be seen in almost the same conditions as they were before the great earthquake of June 26, 1926. Even the goddess fresco from Haghia Triada, which was thrown in minute pieces to the ground and believed to be hopelessly lost, has been refitted, leaving very few gaps. The Cnossian collection of Sir Arthur Evans, save one of the most elegant painted reliefs and some fragments of minor importance, is again

[Continued in Box 2.]



THE FAMOUS MUSEUM OF CANDIA FULLY RESTORED A YEAR AFTER THE CRETAN EARTHQUAKE, WHICH WAS "AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISASTER": THE ROOM OF THE IDÆAN BRONZES, AND THE ARCHAIC TERRA-COTTAS FROM THE BRITISH EXCAVATIONS AT PALAIKASTRON—AS IT IS TO-DAY.



ROMAN JUSTICE PERSONIFIED IN MARBLE: A COLOSSAL, BUT HEADLESS, ROMAN STATUE OF A SYMBOLIC FEMALE FIGURE, WITH SOME FINE HELLENISTIC SCULPTURES, AT THE SPOT WHERE THEY WERE FOUND, BESIDE THE APSE OF THE TRIBUNAL IN THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED ROMAN PRÆTORIUM AT GORTYNA.

*au complet*, and waits only for the addition of the latest discoveries from the Palace and the Necropolis. With the reopening of the Museum, archæological work has also been resumed, chiefly at Cnossos by Dr. Mackenzie and the British School of Athens, and at Gortyna by the Italian Mission. In the latter place, the excavations of the Roman Prætorium were prosecuted. The Palace of the Proconsul or Governor of Crete and Cyrene was shown to have been one of the biggest and most luxurious residences of any provincial magistrate in the East. It was flanked by a splendid portico of Corinthian marble columns, three feet in diameter, and provided with every comfort, such as verandahs, cool shadowed corridors, baths, piscinæ, and so on. The recent excavations have revealed the apse of a tribunal, in front of which is to be seen a Roman statue of Justice, symbolised by a noble, richly draped woman, unfortunately headless, larger than natural

[Continued in Box 3.]

size. Near it some fragments of very fine Hellenistic statues came to light, not belonging to this building, but very probably to the neighbouring Pythion, the principal temple of Gortyna, whose sculptures in the first Byzantine Ages were mutilated and scattered over a large area all around it. The Italian Mission is now planning the complete excavation of this quarter, which, according to ancient writers, was the heart of the city, extending from the Thermæ, on one side, to the smaller Theatre and the Isæum on the other. Signor Mussolini, the only one among foreign statesmen who, after the earthquake, helped the reconstruction of the world-famed Museum of Candia, assigned to the purpose a grant of 100,000 drachmas, and is showing the deepest interest in the new archæological survey of Crete."



THE ONLY TEMPLE IN GREECE WHERE THE OPEN-AIR ALTAR, THE POST ON WHICH VICTIMS WERE SLAIN, AND THE BASIN FOR RECEIVING THEIR BLOOD, HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY PRESERVED: THE COURTYARD OF THE PYTHION AT GORTYNA, WHERE FURTHER EXCAVATIONS IN THIS QUARTER HAVE BEEN PLANNED.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is no close season for ancestors, as there is for pheasants, and the guns of the anthropologists are always busy. The recent "bags" have had a good deal of publicity. If we do not exactly worship our ancestors in the Chinese manner, we accord them an honour more coveted here—prominence in the newspapers. Each of us, we realise, has an ancient pedigree, though it may not be recorded in the Peerage. On this point Darwinism and orthodoxy are at one; Genesis and the "Descent of Man" combine to rout "Burke" and "Debrett." While Sir Arthur Keith declares that man may claim the respectable antiquity of a million years, we have it on poetical authority that—

The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.

These things being so, there is a certain timeliness about a book called "IN SEARCH OF OUR ANCESTORS." An Attempt to Retrace man's Origin and Development from Later Ages Back to their Beginnings. By Mary E. Boyle. Preface by the Abbé Henri Breuil, Professor at the Institute of Human Palaeontology, Paris. With Colour Reproductions of Cave Paintings and numerous other Illustrations (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). The Abbé Breuil's preface, with its large vision of the universe as revealed by geology and astronomy, adjusts the balance between religion and science. He holds the scales evenly between faith and reason, in the spirit of Tennyson—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell.

"The scientific method," writes the Abbé, "is essentially expressed by this axiom: Every being, every thing, every institution, derives, at least in greater part, from its antecedents, and is in its turn, at least in greater part, the starting-point of the realities which follow it. This axiom, which I stated a few months before his death to the much-regretted Cardinal Mercier, was recognised immediately by him as an essential trait of the fundamental scientific method; that is to say, it is not an hypothesis, but a way of knowledge, a method of discovery. . . . It would be a great delusion to see in it a cause of the development of beings. . . . Evolution does not give the basic reason for any transformation, but by its point of view alone one can guess, more or less imperfectly, at the succession of past realities and their genealogical development."

Miss Boyle's book is certainly the most attractive of its kind I have come across—that is, as a popular introduction to "pre-history" for the general reader. The broad humanism of her outlook appears in the verse quotations given as chapter-headings, signposts of approach to the subject through the paths of literature. The poets quoted are Shakespeare, Beaumont, Webster, Drummond, Wither, Milton, Southey, Bryant, Tennyson, Swinburne, Rossetti, Sidney Lanier, Kipling, Chesterton, Osbert Sitwell, and R. C. Macfie—a list that indicates catholicity of taste. Catholics (in another sense of the word) will be interested to learn (if they do not know it already) that Lourdes has been the scene of prehistoric discoveries as well as of modern "miracles." The illustrations include two examples of Magdalenian art found there—an ivory horse and "the sorcerer of Lourdes," a gentleman with a long beard, a horned head-dress, and a horse's tail—a sort of blend of a Centaur with Herne the Hunter.

The particular stage in human evolution which lately re-fluttered the dovescotes of Leeds is for Miss Boyle not a matter of controversy, but of larger vision and gentle reproof. "Pride," she says, "makes us seek for our ancestors, sure that such important creatures must be somewhere, and anxious that our arrival should be marked by an exhibition of supernatural forces. . . . It is a curious trait, this one of belittling humanity's achievement by suggesting a superior advantage at the outset. . . . The popular cry goes up, 'Are we descended from monkeys?' . . . What of our body when examined in detail, the structure of blood corpuscles, the nerve cells, the muscles, the teeth? We can find their counterparts in sharks, in jellyfish, in worms. Our collar-bones have something in common with the protective plating of the great toads. We are not intruders on the globe; we are a harmony of all that has lived on it. . . . What does it matter if the building material is humble and varied if the palace raised is an inspiration to future ages?"

London has contributed its quota to the relics of our prehistoric ancestors. "As long ago as 1690 (we read), Mr. Conyers found a pear-shaped axe with an elephant's tooth in Gray's Inn Lane." The flint axe is still to be seen, in the British Museum. As lately as 1925, from the

foundations of Lloyd's new building in Leadenhall Street, was unearthed a skull which Professor Elliot Smith pronounced to be that "of a left-handed woman of forty-five"—a Sherlock Holmes touch! These anatomists are as bad as "Debrett" for giving away a lady's age, even after 50,000 years. "This so-called 'Lady of Lloyd's,'" writes Miss Boyle, "is the second most ancient skull found in Britain," the oldest presumably being that of Piltdown.

The memory of this middle-aged London matron, who perhaps passed for thirty, forms a stepping-stone to a book wherein, possibly, some of her descendants figure—namely, "OUR COCKNEY ANCESTORS." By Kenneth Hare. Illustrated (Benn; 15s.). This is an excellent example of a new literary form—historical realism in short stories, or sketches, instead of historical romance in long novels. Personally, I much prefer the new method to the old, which too often gives a false picture of the past. Mr. Hare, whose aim has been to re-create the life and atmosphere of other days, lays his scene successively in the London of Chaucer,

in accord with Mr. Chesterton's view recently expressed in our pages, and he is equally scornful of Victorian science and industrialism. "The epoch of industry," he writes, "still runs its course, but science has ceased to be a fetish. . . . What the Victorians were developing, chiefly with all that 'high seriousness' of theirs was the power to kill. . . . At last came the ruin and the awakening which George Gissing had prophesied in 'The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.' The plains of Flanders supplied the over-ventilated lecture theatre, and the Kaiser the too demonstrative professor."

Vast stores of interesting facts about our Cockney ancestors—all those, at least, whose names have escaped oblivion—are contained in "LONDON": A Comprehensive Survey of the History, Tradition, and Historical Associations of Buildings and Monuments, Arranged under Streets in Alphabetical Order. By George H. Cunningham. (Dent; 21s.)

This is a historical "gazetteer," manifestly the fruit of immense research and erudition, for which every patriotic Londoner will be deeply grateful to the author. Mr. Cunningham begins with an introductory essay, tracing briefly the growth of London from its "palaeolithic floor" (twenty-two feet below the present level) to the present day, and adds a table of dates from the Roman period onward. There is also a very full index. The dictionary form into which the bulk of the work is cast is something new in topography, and, in my opinion, a happy innovation, for such books are required, as a rule, more for reference than for continuous reading. The first entry, under the alphabetical system, concerns Abbey Road, St. John's Wood—associated with Lockhart (Scott's son-in-law, not the caterer); the last is Zoar Street, Southwark, where was once a chapel in which Bunyan preached.

Here, in short, is London from A to Z, with its records both in history and fiction, including the localities and characters of Dickens. I have thoroughly enjoyed roaming about its pages, and among the many new facts I learnt was that Chateaubriand was once accidentally locked up for the night in Westminster Abbey, where he slept, literally, "like patience on a monument." I also hunted up all my own old London addresses to see what other celebrities they might have harboured, before or since; but the result was not encouraging. The nearest notability I could trace dwelt in the street where I live at present, and he, poor man, committed suicide there.

Both the two last-mentioned books contain much matter cognate to "THE PHYSICAL CONDITIONS OF THE ELIZABETHAN PUBLIC PLAYHOUSE." By William J. Lawrence. Illustrated (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, U.S.A., and Humphrey Milford, London; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Cunningham, for instance, records the history of the Globe and Hope Theatres, and Mr. Hare describes a visit to the Old Fortune Playhouse to see a play by Master Dekker. Mr. Lawrence's little book, based on his lectures delivered at Harvard and elsewhere, is the outcome of long research into a complex subject, on which there is some divergence of opinion. He discusses the structural details of the old playhouses not only in the light of contemporary prints, but of the incidents and stage directions in a large number of plays. His quest has involved an extensive ramble among the byways of Elizabethan dramatic literature, and the result is of great value and interest to students of our theatrical history and architecture.

The mention of architecture reminds me that among new books of special interest is Mr. Thomas H. Mawson's autobiography, "THE LIFE AND WORK OF AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT" (Richards Press; 25s.). Another important autobiography is Mr. J. A. Spender's "LIFE, JOURNALISM, AND POLITICS" (Cassell, 2 Vols.; 42s.); and there are also some notable memoirs—"LORD NORTHCLIFFE," by R. Macnair Wilson (Benn; 15s.); "BENITO MUSSOLINI," by Mme. V. J. Bordeux (Hutchinson; 18s.); and "VISCOUNT LEVERHULME," by his son (George Allen and Unwin; 15s.). A world-wide public will welcome "THE ROYAL EMBASSY." By Ian F. M. Lucas (Methuen; 10s. 6d.), a chronicle of the Duke and Duchess of York's tour in Australasia.

Of all these books I hope to say more another time; but they by no means complete my waiting list. The publishers are now in full cry with their autumnal productions, and the reviewer can hardly keep pace with the rate of output. I fear some will have to be contented with a "tedious brief" chronicle. C. E. B.



A PICTURESQUE HEIR-APPARENT: THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE PETER OF YUGO-SLAVIA, IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

Little Prince Peter of Yugo-Slavia is just four years old, having been born, at Belgrade, on September 6, 1923. His father, King Alexander I., married Princess Marie of Rumania on June 8, 1922. Through his mother, therefore, Prince Peter is a first cousin of the young King Michael of Rumania, who is only two years his senior. Prince Peter's father succeeded to the throne of Yugo-Slavia in 1921, on the death of his own father, King Peter I. As Crown Prince of Serbia, King Alexander took a prominent part in the Great War.

Henry V., Anne Boleyn, Shakespeare, Nell Gwynne, and Lord Chesterfield, and peoples it with typical characters, living and talking in the manner of their time. In his introduction he exposes popular fallacies about the past, vague confusion of "periods" and some of "the stupendous anachronisms of the picture palace." This reminds me of a film I once saw in which Cæsar Borgia (regarded, apparently, as a Roman emperor on the strength of his Christian name) was represented as having his victims thrown to the lions in the arena! Nowadays, however, the films are much improving in historical accuracy, but there is still a great deal of misconception about history in the popular mind. Mr. Hare points out that, under such phrases as "old English" or "mediaeval," people lump together indiscriminately many different ages, accusing one of evils that belong to others: the eighteenth century, for example, was more cruel than the fourteenth, and the hangings of Tyburn would have horrified Chaucer as much as the fires of Smithfield or the witch-burnings of James I.

In denouncing "cheap-jack romance writers" who flatter the present at the expense of the past, Mr. Hare is



## ENGLISH RIVERS EMULATE THE MISSISSIPPI: FLOODED COUNTIES.



WHERE THE HARVEST FLOATED AWAY: A MOTOR-CAR ON A FLOODED ROAD  
NEAR WELLINGBOROUGH, NORTHANTS.



SAVING THEIR CATTLE WITH THE AID OF A BOAT: YORKSHIRE FARMERS  
AT COTTINGWITH, IN THE DERWENT VALLEY.



REMINISCENT OF THE GREAT FLOODS ON THE MISSISSIPPI:  
A WIDE EXPANSE OF WATER IN YORKSHIRE.



FLOODS IN THE NEN VALLEY: A MOTOR-CAR MAKING SLOW PROGRESS  
ON A ROAD NEAR WELLINGBOROUGH BETWEEN WATERLOGGED FIELDS.



THE FLOODED NEN VALLEY—A REMARKABLE VIEW OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE:  
FIELDS COVERED WITH SIX INCHES OF WATER.

Though the Derwent and the Dec, the Soar, the Nen, and the Thames were the chief rivers affected by the recent heavy and almost continuous rains, many other districts in England and Scotland have suffered. The storms, coming just as the harvest was being gathered in, have proved particularly disastrous, and many



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NEN VALLEY UNDER FLOODS: A TURGID WATERWAY  
IN THE FOREGROUND, AND WATERLOGGED COUNTRY.

farmers in the Lake district in Yorkshire and Northants have been threatened with ruin. In spite of herculean efforts on the part of the Thames Conservancy Board, minor floods have occurred in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, though the conditions above Oxford were stated recently to be rapidly improving.





# THE MOTION-PICTURE MACHINE A BRITISH INVENTION.



By W. DAY, F.R.P.S., F.R.S.A

TO the vast masses of people who visit the picture theatres all over the world the name of John Arthur Roebuck Rudge is practically unknown, yet it is to the genius of that man that the "Biophantoscope," and later the kinematograph, came into being. Rudge was of a mechanical and scientific turn of mind, and an expert professional photographer. He conceived the idea of making his photographs move upon a lantern screen. The year 1862 saw him busily engaged upon his first effort, which consisted of a mechanical device, somewhat similar to a chromo-trope slide, with which the children of the Victorian era were entertained, and to which they gave the name of the "twinkling star." This instrument consisted of two rotating discs, one of which contained about twenty figures in different phases of movement; and the other consisted of an opaque metal disc with one slot acting as a shutter. The two discs were geared to rotate at different speeds, and when a figure on the disc came vertically into position with the light of the

lantern, the slotted disc made one complete revolution, thus giving a momentary exposure of one phase of a movement upon the screen. This same method was adopted and patented later in 1877, and was called the "Ross Wheel of Life"; and it is interesting to note that Edison's first kinetoscope used an identical system to allow of moving pictures being viewed by placing a coin in a slot. Rudge's first effort received the name of "Life in the Lantern," and, although somewhat crude and very erratic in action, it was sufficient to prove that lifelike movements could be portrayed upon a screen by photographic and mechanical means. In the years 1875 to 1876 Rudge produced the actual instrument illustrated on this page. He named it "The Biophantoscope."



THE INGENUOUS SHUTTER MECHANISM OF RUDGE'S "BIOPHANTOSCOPE": THE SHUTTERS OBSTRUCT THE LIGHT UNTIL THE NEXT SLIDE COMES INTO POSITION, AND THEN OPEN FOR PROJECTION.

ments could be portrayed upon a screen by photographic and mechanical means. In the years 1875 to 1876 Rudge produced the actual instrument illustrated on this page. He named it "The Biophantoscope."



A BRITISH MOVING-PICTURE PROJECTOR OF 1875. RUDGE'S "BIOPHANTOSCOPE."

Seven photographic slides were inserted in frames which surround the lantern. By turning the handle, the mechanism causes the shutter to open in front of the lens as each slide stops momentarily in front of the light-orifice. The seven pictures are shown in sequence below.

gallery to hold seven lantern slides. Below this gallery there is a series of semi-circular locking faces and forked slots, which the shaft rotated and caused the slides to move one phase, and locked each slide during the momentary projection. It is apparent, therefore, that this machine embodies practically all the mechanical devices used in an up-to-date Maltese-cross projector. The seven slides constitute the first known instance of trick photography being used for projection purposes. They show Mr. Rudge himself taking his head from his body and holding it out at arm's length; and, although the phases of movement shown vary considerably, yet the imagination fills in the gaps and gives a good impression of lifelike movement. The slides were produced by the collodion or wet-plate process, and developed with pyrammonia.

The late W. Friese-Greene was also a photographer at Bath, and both he and Rudge experimented together. It was from the actual biophantoscope loaned by Rudge in 1881, whereby Greene was enabled to substitute a band of paper for the gallery of slides, and later a band of celluloid film, that the invention of commercial cinematography became a possibility, as is proved by Patent No. 10,131 being granted to him

which he considered to be the first machine ever made to project animated photography. Knowing of the large collection of historical moving-picture instruments owned by myself, and placed on loan in South Kensington Museum, he thought I might be interested in the machine. After proving the authenticity of the apparatus, Rudge's original biophantoscope of 1876 was purchased, and thus was completed the chain showing the complete sequence of the invention of moving pictures, both photographic and otherwise. It is the only instrument that shows the actual transition from the optical lantern to the kinematograph.

This old instrument, which lay forgotten in a cupboard for nearly forty years, was purchased for £5 10s. in 1882 from Rudge by Mr. F. Willoughby, late of Bath. I have the receipt, entered and dated by the late owner at the time of purchase. Had either of these men had the foresight to see the possibilities contained in this invention, they might have realised



THE "BIOPHANTOSCOPE" OF 1875, SHOWING THE OPERATING HANDLE (LEFT), THE SHUTTER, THE LENS, AND THE LANTERN AROUND WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE MOVABLE FRAMES THAT HELD THE SEVEN SLIDES REPRODUCED BELOW.

several millions of pounds for their trouble, as a world's patent might have been secured, and possibly every user and manufacturer would have had to pay a royalty.

Rudge died at Bath at the age of sixty-six years on Jan. 3, 1903, practically penniless, and lies buried in St. Michael's Cemetery at Locksbrook,



RUDGE'S "TRICK" MOTION-PICTURES, SHOWING A MAN REMOVING HIS HEAD, ARRANGED IN ORDER OF PROJECTION FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

The impression of movement was created on the screen as the result of the seven pictures being shifted rapidly, one phase at a time, around the lantern-body, projection occurring as each picture came to a momentary halt, and synchronising with the opening of the shutter.

The whole operation of showing each phase of movement with a series of seven photographic lantern slides was carried out by turning the handle shown at the front of the instrument, thus causing a shaft to rotate. At the far end of the shaft a cam and striking-pin are fitted, whilst at the front another cam opened and closed a pair of ground-glass shutters. Around the cylindrical lamp-house there is a revolving

in 1889. The biophantoscope was known by Rudge's friends and relatives to exist, and, although it had been sought for many years, no trace of this link in the invention of moving pictures could be found. In the early part of this year, however, the writer had a visit from a friend at Colchester, who brought the information that a resident in that city had an interesting old moving-picture projector machine

where a fitting memorial has been raised to his memory by the generosity of the Mayor of Bath, Alderman Chivers. There is no doubt whatever that the biophantoscope invented by Rudge in 1876 is the actual progenitor of commercial cinematography, and to this machine the world owes the advent of the science of the portrayal of movement by photographic means.



## THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RACE.



THE BRITISH SEAPLANE THAT BEAT THE WORLD'S AIR-SPEED RECORD: FL.-LT. KINKEAD'S GLOSTER NAPIER IV. PASSING ABOVE THE RESULT BOARD, ON WHICH HIS FIRST LAP WAS THE ONLY ONE SO FAR REGISTERED, DURING THE RACE.



THE THREE BRITISH PILOTS IN A LAUNCH LEAVING FOR THE START: (ON LEFT, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) AIR VICE-MARSHAL SCARLETT, FL.-LT. KINKEAD, AND FL.-LT. WEBSTER (THE WINNER); (SEATED ON BOAT SIDE, TO RIGHT) FL.-LT. WORSLEY.

These photographs were taken during the great seaplane race for the Schneider Trophy, flown at Venice on September 26, which resulted in triumphant success for the British competitors. As noted elsewhere in this number (on the front page and page 529), the winner was Flight-Lieutenant S. N. Webster in a Supermarine Napier "S5" monoplane, with geared engine, and the only other competitor to finish was Flight-Lieutenant O. E. Worsley, in a machine of the same type with ungeared engine. The third British pilot, Flight-Lieutenant S. M. Kinkead, though he did not manage to complete the course, attained in the third

*N.B.—Subsequent revision of times gives Webster's fourth lap (284.14 m.p.h.) as the highest speed attained, Kinkead's third lap being only 275.80 m.p.h.*



A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED BRITISH SPECTATORS WATCHING THE RACE: (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) AIR VICE-MARSHAL SCARLETT, MRS. SCARLETT, AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR SEFTON BRANCKER, AND LADY HIGGINS.



THE WINNING BRITISH SEAPLANE AT THE FINISH: FLIGHT-LIEUT. S. N. WEBSTER'S SUPERMARINE NAPIER "S5" MONOPLANE CROSSING THE LINE AT THE FINISHING FLAG, WITH CROWDS ON THE BEACH BELOW.

lap the highest speed ever reached by any aircraft—289½ miles an hour. The winner's average speed was 281.49 m.p.h., and that of Flight-Lieutenant Worsley, 273.6 m.p.h. In the upper left-hand photograph is seen the result board on the Lido beach, bearing the names of all the competitors and seven columns for recording the times and speeds of each lap or round (*giro*). The triangular course was just over 31 miles, and had to be covered seven times. The Italian organisation of the race was described by Sir Philip Sassoon as "absolutely perfect." None of the Italian competitors completed the course.



# A Perilous Six Days in a Three-Con Yawl.

By W. E. SINCLAIR.

In this article Mr. Sinclair tells the thrilling story of his recent experiences in the Atlantic. The small yacht in which he was cruising, with Mr. R. F. Jackson, was overtaken by a storm in mid-ocean, and they were adrift for six days, until they were picked up by the Dutch freighter, S.S. "Alcoor," bound for Montreal. Mr. Sinclair came back in the Canadian Pacific liner "Montrose," and arrived at Greenock on September 23.

AS yachts go, Joan was small and past her youth, but her deeds were those of the strong and newly built. She passed from river to sea, and from sea to ocean; she tried her strength against the storms that came her way; she grew proud, and went from bad to worse; and she has now found the grave of her own choice at the bottom of the Atlantic. Yet she saved her crew—that's Jackson and I—and she ought to be praised for that.

She played with us for a couple of months. She sailed from London to Peterhead, a coasting cruise not without its pleasures. The Pentland Firth, a place of fascinating terror to a sailing-boat, smoothed its waters for her with unusual kindness. She reached Iceland after a fortnight's sailing in reasonable, just reasonable, weather. Her first landfall was a burst of magnificence. Mountains and icefields gleamed suddenly through the mist and showed themselves in sun and colour and snow five thousand feet above our heads. We passed a week in that glorious land, and then she ran us safely and surely to her last landfall, and it was Cape Farewell. That was on Aug. 20.

Then the weather came at us. Of the next ten days I have a confused remembrance of heavy winds and high seas which the Joan could make nothing of. She worried forward only two hundred miles. Always we were lying-to under the smallest sail, or our sea-anchor was out until the hard weather should give over. The boat behaved splendidly. No one could ask more of a little ship, and we knew we had no need to ask more of her.

Early in the morning of Sept. 1 we put out our sea-anchor for the fifth or sixth time, and went below to wait till that particular gale blew over. Before nightfall I made my usual round to see that all was secure—much easier to put anything right by day-

to be drowned in that cabin. If drowning was the order of the day, I wanted to do it outside. It was a little time before I could get my bearings and find the sliding hatch. Then I clambered out. There was light enough to see what had happened.

The mainmast had broken off a foot above the



NOW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC: THE LITTLE YAWL "JOAN," IN WHICH MR. W. E. SINCLAIR AND MR. R. F. JACKSON SPENT SIX DAYS ADRIPT IN MID-OCEAN, AFTER SHE WAS DISABLED BY A HEAVY SEA.

The "Joan" was a yawl-rigged craft of the Falmouth quay punt type, with a registered tonnage of 2·7. Her length was 22½ ft. over all; beam, 7½ ft.; and draught, 5 ft. 9 in.

deck and was lying in the water alongside the yacht. With it were the sail and spars and all the attached tangle of ropes and wire. In the gale then howling over us I wondered that we did not go down at once. Perhaps there was a fighting chance, and I jumped to it.

"The mast has gone," I said to Jackson. "Give me a knife, and you bail out. You'll have to do it from inside with a pail." He handed me his magnificent sheath-knife, and I blessed him for finding it so quickly. While he bailed with the energy and effectiveness of a machine, I slithered about the deck to clear the wreckage. Ropes had to be traced and pulled clear or cut free. There were many of them, and the task was longer because it was no easy work even to keep myself from rolling overboard from the tumbling deck.

How long we worked I do not know, but we finished our jobs. I was utterly surprised to find that Jackson had thrown out all the water. From that moment we knew that the issue of the fight lay on us, not on the boat. She had done her part, and had done it well. We looked round to see where the water came in. A hole big enough to take in a hundred gallons a minute had been torn in the deck. Blankets and small sails were stuffed into it. No water flooded in after that; it merely soaked in.

Then, wet through and shivering, I stepped into the cabin upon a pile of squelching cushions, boards, tools—oh, everything the boat contained was there in a sodden heap. All the matches too, Jackson told me. I felt for my secret store, and found a dry box. When the anchor lamp was lit and lashed to the stump of the mast in the cabin, we were able to sort things into a low degree of order.

Bailing, and continuous bailing, we found to be still necessary. But it was equally necessary to eat and sleep. Hot tea and biscuit came first. After that we arranged a moist bed of blankets and sails which we occupied in turns for an hour. By the time I was warm and happy Jackson brutally informed me my sleeping hour was over. And as I crawled unwillingly out, I resolved to exercise a like brutality upon him when my bailing hour was up. About

midday we discovered a second leak, and, after the hole had been caulked with our finest socks, we changed our spells to two hours.

On Sept. 3 or 4 the wind died down, and we repaired the boat so well that little bailing was required. We set a single sail—a new name is required for the rig we invented—and by Sept. 7 we had made good another fifty miles of our journey to Newfoundland.

Things were very bad, however, and we discussed our problems in great detail. We decided that we must endeavour to be picked up; that the yacht would then have to be abandoned; that, as we were a long way from any line of traffic, it might be weeks before we saw a ship; that we must ration ourselves strictly and severely at once both in food and water; that our customary four-hour watches should be resumed; that we should sail whenever possible; that a look-out must be kept regularly; and lastly that, in order to help us stick it out, we would sing songs. The last resolution, I think, saved our faces from a permanent gloominess. I knew no words and Jackson knew no music. If angels had heard us they would have wept. We nearly wept ourselves to hear the other man's efforts.

On Sept. 7 Jackson, who had gone outside, called me to confirm his opinion of some lights he saw. I confirmed his opinion. Two masthead lights meant a ship, and they meant that we must be quick or she would be away and gone without seeing us. We were not too long in exhibiting our signals. The Joan had a box of ship's flares aboard, and, although they had been well soaked when our mishap occurred, they dried in a few seconds when the end was held in a blow-lamp flame.

The vessel proved to be the S.S. *Alcoor*, a Dutch freighter on her way to Montreal for grain. She came alongside, and, in spite of the sea that was running, we clambered up a ladder as the yacht drifted by. But we had the disappointment of losing everything on the yacht. The crew of the *Alcoor* treated us handsomely. Dutch people ought to be extremely popular. It is not the first time, too, that I have experienced the kindness and generosity of Dutch folk.

The cause of the Joan's smash is a mystery to me. She was good and sound and strong all over. What broke her mast? Did an extraordinary wave roll the yacht on her beam-ends? It was possible, if that happened, for her heavy keel to jerk her upright so violently as to break anything. Or is it possible that anything struck her masts? It's a puzzle to me, anyway.



THE SKIPPER OF THE "JOAN" ARRIVING AT EUSTON WITH THE SCANTY REMNANTS OF HIS WARDROBE:

MR. W. E. SINCLAIR.

Mr. Sinclair, who is a London schoolmaster, arrived at Euston (from Greenock) a few days ago, carrying the only clothes he was able to save when the "Joan" went down. The rest had been used to stop leaks.



THE "JOAN" IN "DRY DOCK": A VIEW SHOWING HER LINES AND THE HEAVY 2½-TON KEEL, WHICH MAY HAVE CAUSED THE SNAPPING OF THE MAST, BY JERKING HER UPRIGHT IF SHE WAS THROWN ON HER BEAM ENDS.

light. Sea-anchor, lashings, and all gear were just as they should be, and we closed up the cabin and turned in. I lay on my bunk dressed in sea-boots and an oilskin jumper. If I had to go outside in a hurry I wanted some protection from the water that swept over the yacht. I was tired and sleepy. I had been up most of the previous night, and the prospect of keeping awake this night as well made me sleepier. I dozed off.

A tremendous crash woke me. The cabin was in darkness, and I found myself standing up. I no longer felt tired or sleepy. A noise so fearful could mean only the most desperate straits for the Joan and for us. It meant, as I very well knew, that we should founder in a matter of minutes, and I did not want





**"THE DAWN OF CONSCIOUSNESS": AN ARTIST'S VISION OF THE DARWINIAN "ADAM AND EVE."**

In this remarkable imaginative drawing Mr. Detmold seems to have portrayed that stage in human evolution when our ancestors, sprung from a common stock with the apes (according to Darwinism), were acquiring consciousness and beginning to branch off from the ancestral simian tree. The dawn of

intelligence in the two faces is very cleverly suggested, recalling Sir William Watson's well-known lines—"A soul so long deferred In his blind brain he bore, It might have slept unstirred Ten million noontides more. . . . Such hues of hap and hazard Man's Emergence wore."

FROM THE DRAWING BY E. J. DETMOLD. EXHIBITED AT THE ARLINGTON GALLERY.





THE  
FOSTER-MOTHER.

### THE MUCH-MALIGNED.

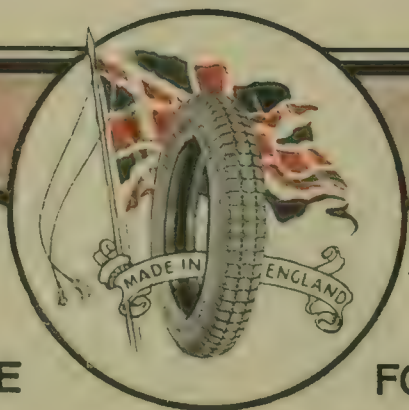
FROM THE DRAWING ENTITLED "THE FOSTER MOTHER," BY CECIL ALDIN.  
(COPYRIGHTED.)

The Alsatian is a much-maligned dog, and a veritable campaign of obloquy has of late been directed against his breed. The hand of the Press is heavy upon him, and if he gets into any little scrape—as may happen to any sort of dog in his adventurous youth—the mere suggestion that he is "half a wolf" is considered enough to place him beyond the pale of human sympathy. This prejudice, as a matter of fact, is mistaken and unfair. Anyone who has ever possessed an Alsatian knows that it is one of the most amiable and affectionate of dogs, although, of course, it has the requisite qualities of a protector and a house-guard. Mr. Cecil Aldin's delightful study of an Alsatian mothering two rough-haired terrier puppies is a typical instance of its kindly disposition.





# DUNLOP CORD TYRES



C.F.H. 783

THERE IS A DUNLOP TYRE

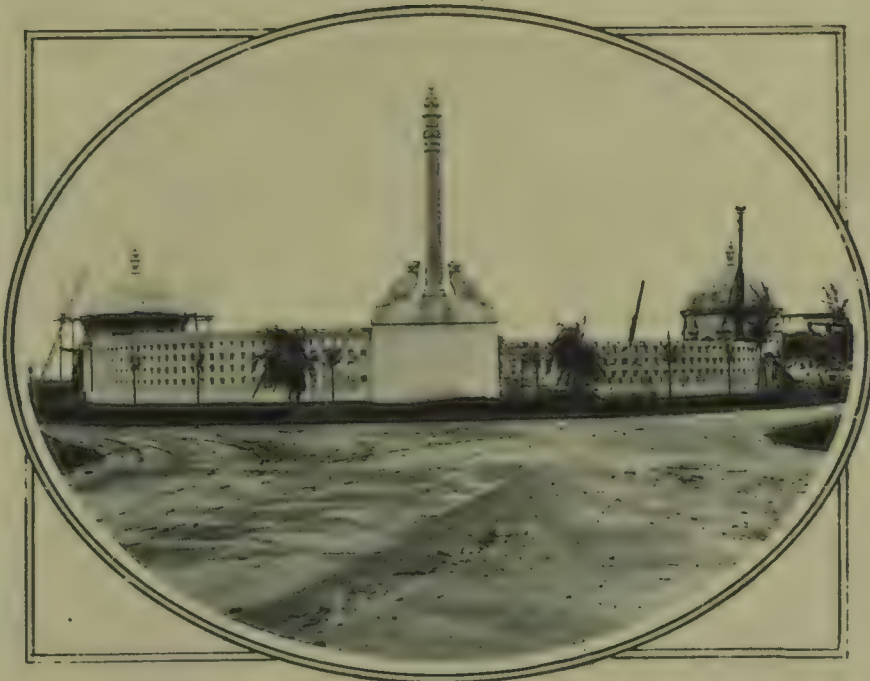
FOR EVERY STANDARD RIM



## HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS BY ILLUSTRATION.



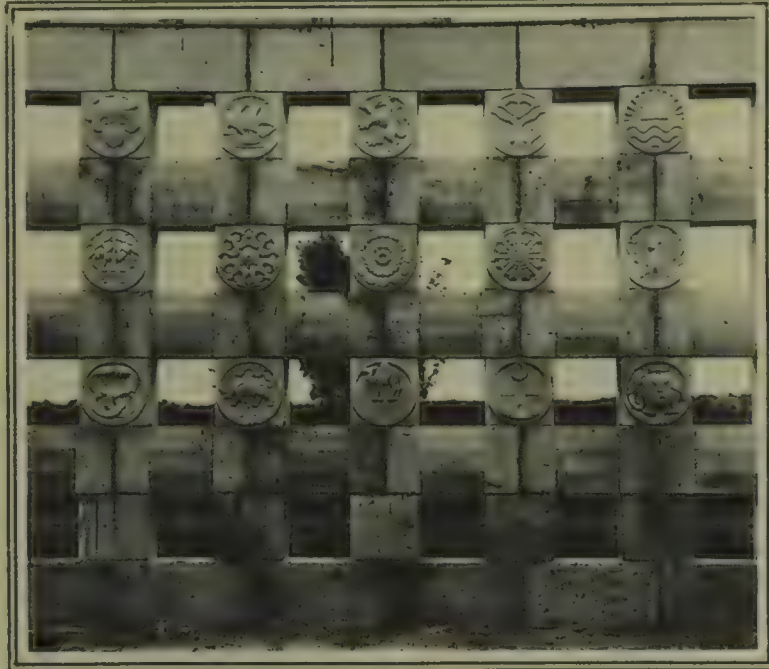
THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE AMERICAN LEGION ARRIVING IN LONDON: A PICTURESQUE GROUP OF GIRL STANDARD-BEARERS IN THE PROCESSION LEAVING VICTORIA STATION.



IN HONOUR OF INDIA'S 8557 DEAD: THE MEMORIAL AT NEUVE CHAPELLE TO BE UNVEILED BY LORD BIRKENHEAD, WITH ITS "ASOKA" COLUMN GUARDED BY TIGERS, SITTING ERECT LIKE THE LIONS OF MYCENÆ.



THE DEATH OF A POPULAR MEMBER OF THE "ANTHROPOID" FAMILY: THE FAMOUS ORANG-OUTANG, "MURPHY," WHO WAS A GREAT FAVOURITE AT THE "ZOO," HANDLING A GARDEN-ROLLER.



CRESTS OF FIFTEEN INDIAN PROVINCES ON THE INDIAN WAR MEMORIAL AT NEUVE CHAPELLE: PART OF THE PIERCED-STONE RAILING, SIMILAR TO THOSE OF BUDDHIST SHRINES AT BODH GAYA AND SOUCHI.



THE LARGEST MOTOR-SHIP IN THE WORLD, NOW ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE GREAT ITALIAN MOTOR-LINER "SATURNIA" (24,000 TONS), WHICH LATELY LEFT TRIESTE FOR BRAZIL—A VIEW OF HER DISTINCTIVE PROFILE, WITH GRADUALLY ASCENDING BRIDGES AND A CENTRAL "FUNNEL" CONTAINING SILENCERS AND EXHAUST-PIPES.

The advance guard of the American Legion arrived in London, from France, on September 26, and marched in procession from Victoria to the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross. There were 140 Legionaries from the Thomas Wanamaker Store Post, New York, with twelve girls from the New York store and six from Philadelphia acting as standard-bearers. As they passed Wellington Barracks, the guard turned out and presented arms to the flags.—The death of "Murphy," the famous "Zoo" orang-outang, who recently succumbed to pneumonia, will be regretted by thousands of children, with whom he was a great favourite.—Lord Birkenhead, as Secretary for India, is to unveil on October 7 the fine war memorial erected at Neuve Chapelle commemorating 8557 Indian dead. It was

designed by Sir Herbert Baker, and comprises a sanctuary enclosed by a pierced-stone railing like those of the Buddhist shrines at Bodh Gaya and Souchi, with a central column recalling the pillars of the great emperor Asoka. Within the wall is a lawn with the Stone of Remembrance.—The new Italian 24,000-ton motor-liner, "Saturnia," built for the Cosulich Line, left Trieste on September 21 for her maiden voyage to Brazil and Argentina. She had a triumphal progress down the Adriatic and official welcomes at Naples and Marseilles. She is at present the largest motor-ship afloat, with total complement of 2650, but will be surpassed by the 33,000-ton "Augustus," being completed for the Navigazione Generale Italiana. The "Saturnia's" sister-ship, the "Vulcania," is in progress.



## ORIENTAL SUBSTITUTES FOR GREYHOUND-RACING: CAMELS,



WARRIOR BIRDS: PARTRIDGE-FIGHTING—AN INDIAN VERSION OF COCK-FIGHTING, A SPORT OBSOLETE IN ENGLAND.



INDICATING WHY THE BATTERING RAM IS SO CALLED: A TYPE OF ANIMAL CONTEST VERY POPULAR IN INDIA.



THE HANDY HORN INSTEAD OF THE HORNY HAND: BUFFALO-FIGHTS AT BARODA, WHERE, HOWEVER, THE ANIMALS ARE ALWAYS SEPARATED BEFORE DOING EACH OTHER MUCH DAMAGE.



A DUEL OF FIGHTING CARP: SIAMESE FISH-FANCIERS WATCHING A COMBAT, AND TWO OF THEM SHAKING HANDS OVER A WAGER.

## ELEPHANTS, RAMS, AND FISH PITTED AGAINST EACH OTHER.



FIGHTING ELEPHANTS THAT WERE SMEARED WITH VERMILION TO SUGGEST EFFUSION OF BLOOD: A BATTLE OF GIANTS IN PROGRESS BEFORE A VICEROY OF INDIA AT BARODA.



THE "PUGILISTIC" CAMEL'S CURIOUS METHOD OF "IN-FIGHTING": A TYPE OF CONTEST PECULIAR TO KOLHAPUR, AND A MORE FEROCIOUS AFFAIR THAN A BUFFALO OR ELEPHANT FIGHT, AS THE CAMEL HAS A VILE TEMPER.

As civilisation progresses, contests between animals tend to be superseded by contests between men themselves, except greyhound racing, the latest sport of all. In the West the old sports of bear-baiting, cock- and bull-fighting have almost all been replaced in popular esteem by those which involve no mortal combat, or human contests. Not so in the Orient, however. There animal-baiting still retains its primitive attraction and assumes forms which must seem to us almost fantastic. Although the Hindu religion forbids the taking of animal life, the beasts engaged in these combats, though they do not fight to the death, are generally dragged from the ring in a state of exhaustion. Great ingenuity is expended in raising the quality of the "animal-pugilists";

for instance, the Siamese fighting fish, in the contest illustrated above, are dieted on mosquitoes' larvae till they reach a stage of ferocity when they will even attack fiercely their own reflections in a mirror. Fighting elephants are smeared with vermilion, to lend a touch of realism to the encounter, and perhaps to add to the animals' excitement. In some of the Malay States bull-fighting is popular; but the bulls are not pitted against men, but against each other; while their owners stand by to urge them on. Then there are the camel-fights at Kolhapur, probably the most realistic and ferocious of any; for the camel has "a vile temper and in fight he shows it."



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**SIR ARTHUR SHIPLEY.**

(Born, 1861; died September 12). A great Cambridge biologist; he was Master of Christ's, and Vice-Chancellor in 1917; and a leading authority on tropical agriculture and parasites.

**THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN.**

Amanullah Khan, the modernising and democratic ruler of Afghanistan, has arranged to come to Europe, on a visit to Paris and London.

**BARON VON MALTZAN.**

(Killed in an air disaster, September 23.) German Ambassador to Washington. An authority on Eastern and particularly Chinese affairs; and a great advocate of German co-operation with Soviet Russia.

**ADMIRAL SIR HUGH TOPHILL.**

(Born, 1865; died, September 25.) In 1914 he left the Coastguard and Reserves Office and commanded the "Conqueror" at Jutland. Called to Admiralty Board in 1917. In 1925 became commander-in-chief in the East Indies.

**MR. R. J. MITCHELL.**

The designer of the Supermarine Napier seaplane which recently won the Schneider Trophy. Already famous as the designer of the well-known R.A.F. "Southampton" flying-boats.

**LADY MARY FITZ-MAURICE.**

Heiress-presumptive to the Earldom of Orkney. Engaged to Mr. Edward Gosling, of Winslow, Buckinghamshire. Both are followers of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds, of which Lord Orkney was a former Master.

**THE VERY REV. J. A. MCCLYMONT, D.D.**

(Born, 1848; died recently.) Principal Clerk of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and ex-Moderator. During the war was one of the two chief chaplains for Presbyterian soldiers.

**PROFESSOR ADRIAN STOKES, D.S.O., M.D.**

(Died, Sept. 19, aged 40, at Lagos, West Africa.) He was devoting his leave (from Guy's Hospital) to research on yellow fever, and succumbed to the disease. Professor of Pathology in the University of London.

**A WELL-KNOWN POET MARRIED: MR. ALFRED NOYES AND HIS BRIDE, MRS. WELD-BLUNDELL.**

Mr. Alfred Noyes was married at Brompton Oratory, on September 27, to Mrs. Weld-Blundell, widow of the late Mr. Richard Weld-Blundell, a well-known North-Country landowner, of Ince-Blundell Hall, Lancashire.

**LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.**

(Born, 1845; died, Sept. 22.) As First Lord of the Admiralty, was responsible for the great Naval Defence Act of 1889. Was Secretary of State for India, 1895-1903. Began his political career under Disraeli.

Sir Arthur Shipley was an able man of affairs, as well as an eminent scientist and writer. In his "Voyage of a Vice-Chancellor" he described an official trip to America during the war.—The King of Afghanistan expects to leave for Europe in the first week of December.—Baron von Maltzan played an important part in negotiating the Treaty of Rapallo between Germany and Soviet Russia in 1922, at the time of the Genoa Conference.—Admiral Tophill entered the Navy in 1878, and was present at the bombardment of Alexandria in the Egyptian War of 1882.—Mr. R. J. Mitchell has become a leading seaplane-designer at

the early age of thirty-two.—Prof. Adrian Stokes, the eminent pathologist, was conducting researches in Africa for the Rockefeller Commission on Yellow Fever.—Lady Mary Fitz-Maurice's mother, the Countess of Orkney, was formerly famous on the stage as Miss Connie Gilchrist.—Mr. Alfred Noyes has lectured much on literature in America. Among his best-known works are "Drake" and "The Torchbearers" (an epic of scientific discovery).—Lord George Hamilton was one of the last survivors of the group of Disraeli's "young men" who were entrusted with responsible positions in the Government.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A VETERAN PIANIST WHO, AT EIGHTY, STILL CHARMS GREAT AUDIENCES: M. PACHMANN (LEFT), WITH MR. LIONEL POWELL, ON THE WAY TO THE ALBERT HALL FOR HIS RECENT RECITAL.



WINNERS OF THE DAVIS CUP: THE FRENCH LAWN-TENNIS TEAM ABOARD THE "FRANCE" AT NEW YORK—(L. TO R.) M.M. JEAN BRUGNON, HENRI COCHET, JEAN TILLIER (SHIPPING OFFICIAL), PIERRE GILLOU (CAPTAIN), AND RENÉ LACOSTE.



A FAMOUS LAWN-TENNIS TROPHY WRESTED FROM THE UNITED STATES BY FRANCE: THE DAVIS CUP, ENGRAVED WITH THE NAMES OF THE FRENCH TEAM, ON VIEW IN NEW YORK.



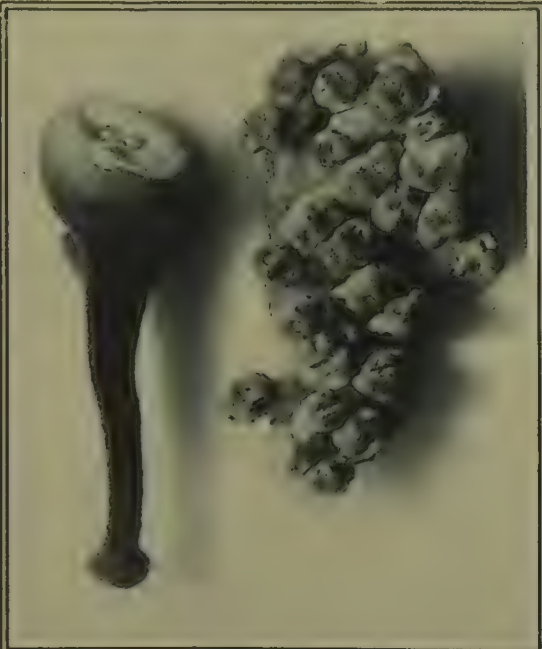
THE LAST REMNANT OF THE OLD "BLUECOAT" SCHOOL IN THE CITY DISAPPEARING: THE SURVIVING BUILDING OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL UNDER DEMOLITION—AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE G.P.O.



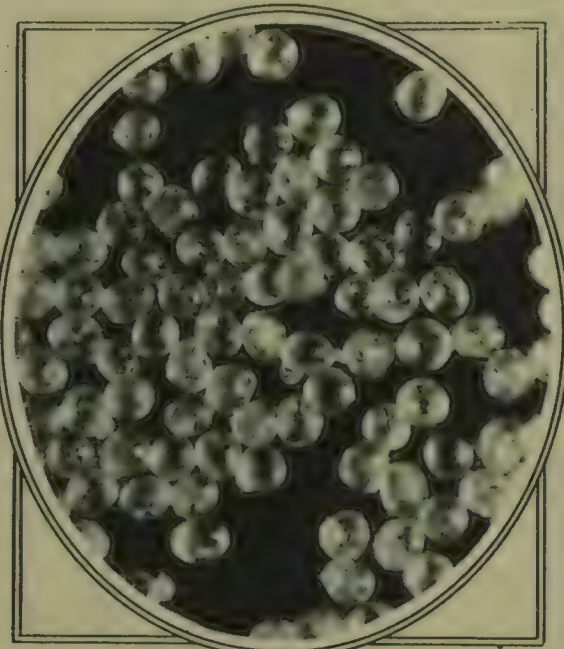
A NEW "BATTLE-SHIP" OF THE AIR: A GREAT ARMoured AEROPLANE, BUILT FOR THE FRENCH AIR SERVICE, AT VILLACOUBLAY AERODROME DURING THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.



THE GIANT ARUM (*AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM*) AT KEW GARDENS, AFTER ITS BRIEF FLOWERING: THE CENTRAL COLUMN (*SPADIX*) SHRUNK AND COLLAPSED.



PARTS OF THE GIANT ARUM: A PISTILLATE FLOWER (LEFT) AND A COLLECTION OF STAMENS (RIGHT)—MAGNIFIED SIX TIMES.



LIKE A BUNCH OF GRAPES: A CLUSTER OF POLLEN GRAINS (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED—170 TIMES), FROM THE GIANT ARUM AT KEW.

M. Pachmann, the famous pianist, who is now eighty years old, gave a concert recital at the Albert Hall on Sunday, September 25.—The only surviving part of the old buildings of Christ's Hospital that remained after the removal of the school to Horsham was recently doomed to demolition. This portion of the old Bluecoat School has since the migration been used as a nurses' home for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but was recently found to be unsuitable.—The rare and brief flowering of the Giant Arum at Kew Gardens was illustrated in our last issue from photographs by Dr. George H. Rodman. In sending us the further photographs (given above) of this unique botanical event, he writes:

"This record was obtained on September 21, four days after the purple coloured spathe had opened. The central column (spadix) after shrinking had fallen from its erect position. The enveloping spathe, in process of fading, was cut open so as to disclose the arrangement of the reproductive organs in rings upon the lower end of the spadix. Unlike the common British Arum (Cuckoo Pint), where the reproductive organs are arranged in three distinct rings, there are only two in the *Amorphophallus* (the abortive stamens, or stamens, being missing) above the light-coloured sessile stamens, from the pores of which pollen grains escape, and below a broad ring of purple pistillate flowers."



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

## The Queen's Chronicler.

Miss Kathleen Woodward, whose clever story of Queen Mary's life is attracting so much attention, is well known in Fleet Street, where she spent several years on the staff of a newspaper before she decided to devote herself, first of all, to free-lance work, and then to accumulating material for her book. She was particularly successful as an interviewer—a fact which readers of the book will have appreciated—for she has the knack of making her subjects realise that they

Lord and Lady Home led off at the end of August with a very big affair at Douglas Castle, and Lady Dalhousie, who is now back in London, was hostess to another large political gathering at Brechin Castle shortly before she returned. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland returned from their yachting tour in time to complete the elaborate arrangements for a Unionist women's fête and garden party at Dunrobin, where their ancient castle overlooks the Moray Firth. Sir William Joynson-Hicks was the chief speaker

there, and he listened appreciatively to a programme of Scottish songs arranged by Miss Stroma Alexander-Sinclair, daughter of Admiral Alexander-Sinclair. This lady, though still very young, is a veteran of the Great War, and received the M.B.E. for her services as a watcher of the coasts.

## An Irish Player.

"The Girl Friend," at the Palace Theatre, has been temporarily deprived of one of her best friends, for Miss Sara Allgood, who was injured last week in a collision between her taxicab and an omnibus in Knightsbridge, was cut about the face, and had to be taken to a hospital, where she remained. Miss Allgood made

her name as an actress at an early age. She and her sister, Miss Maire O'Neill, were quite young girls when they were discovered by the Irish Players, and they had a great success when they came to show London what the Abbey Theatre of Dublin could do. Sara Allgood was extraordinarily clever in the rôle of an old woman. No one knew how she did it, but she contrived to convey an impression of the very texture of old age. She did not appreciate her cleverness as much as the other members of the company did, for she grew very tired of being an old woman, and while she moved heavily about the stage she was thinking of the pretty young parts she would like to play. She got her chance some years later, when she went on tour to Australia with "Peg o' My Heart."

## A Puzzle in "Debrett."

The Hon. Irene Clifton-Hastings-Campbell, daughter of the late Lord Donington, whose engagement to Captain R. St. Barbe Emmott is announced, possesses one of those involved family-trees that enthrall genealogists and cause the simple to despair. Her grandfather was Baron Donington, but her grandmother, his wife, was Countess of Loudon in her own right, a title that, together with four Baronies which she also held, passed to her eldest son, the uncle of Miss Irene Donington. He was the eleventh Earl of Loudon. When he died in 1920 he was succeeded as Baron Donington by his brother, the third son of Countess Loudon, but the other titles passed to the daughters of her second son, who had died in 1907. The eldest of these, the twelfth Countess of Loudon, is married to Captain Abney-

Hastings. Her sister and coheirress to the four Baronies is Viscountess St. Davids. The late Lord Donington died recently, leaving two daughters but no heir, so that Barony is now extinct. His elder daughter is the wife of the wealthy Baronet, Sir Edward MacTaggart-Stewart.

## Gold in a Castle.

Talbot de Malahide is quite the most romantic and beautiful name in the British Peerage, and the holder thereof is additionally favoured because he is also Hereditary High Admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining; and he lives in Malahide Castle, which was probably built by the fairies. They assuredly gave it its lovely name. It is the second oldest inhabited castle in Ireland. Anything might be expected to happen there. No one would be surprised at the discovery within its walls of hidden treasure, and twice within recent years it has been found—not exactly fairy gold, but something quite as precious. First of all—and this was nineteen years ago—it was a large family group by Franz Hals, which is now in the National Gallery; and then the discovery, which has so greatly excited the literary world, of the Boswell papers. The third discovery will be eagerly awaited.

It is rather romantic to think of Lady Talbot's great Irish wolfhounds acting as guardians of this treasure, whose existence was known to the family, but whose value was probably not realised until lately. Lady Talbot is the daughter of Mr. Fred Kerr, the actor, and is a pretty, charming woman.

## The Lady Mayoress Goes to Rome.

The Lady Mayoress of London has had a wonderful time at the Mansion House, and her civic year is ending as brilliantly as it began. The Lord Mayor is a genial man full of hospitality and bright ideas, and in everything he has done he has had the eager help of his pretty, girlish-looking wife. She threw herself, for instance, very heartily into his novel scheme for holding the "peace in industry" reception at the Mansion House to which men of all grades engaged in the railway service, from railway directors to cleaners, were invited. The foreign guests entertained by the Chief Magistrate have been tremendously impressed by the charm of Lady Blades, and appropriately surprised to find that her elder daughters, the much-admired twins, are nearly grown up. One of the most interesting functions in which Lady Blades has played a part was the reception to the



AT WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WERE PRESENT: THE MANNEQUIN PARADE AT KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW.

are interesting to her. Some of her friends may think that rather too much stress has been laid on the fact that for a brief period in her youth she was a factory girl, though they can see that it is a telling point, and that people are interested in the contrast between her work in a factory and her visits to the royal palaces. It was, however, through her experiences as a working girl that she was brought into touch with Mary Macarthur and other Labour women who appreciated her unusual qualities.

## An Address in Whitechapel.

One of the most interesting patients ever received into the famous London Hospital is lying there now, the cause of deep solicitude to hundreds of people in the district among whom she has lived and worked for very many years. Miss Mary Hughes, the daughter of Judge Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," met with a very unkind return for her strict attention to duty: when crossing the Mile End Road on her way to a meeting of the Borough Council one dark, unpleasant night, she was knocked down and severely injured by a motor-cycle. Her friends were greatly distressed when for more than a day she did not recover consciousness, but now they may hope that she will get well. If she does she is sure to want to return to the little basis she has made for the people of the neighbourhood at the "Dewdrop Inn," whose very name is hospitable. She lives there, and runs a social club with entertainment and refreshment, and the opportunity for a quiet, restful time.

Judge Hughes, the father whose memory she cherishes—a picture of him hangs in the Inn—was a friend of Toynbee Hall from its foundation, and it was by his suggestion that Mary Hughes devoted herself to work among the poor. She has done it very thoroughly. She was not content to visit the people in Whitechapel and Stepney, but she went down and lived among them in a crowded block of flats. She did not even ask for privacy, but threw her midget set of rooms open to all the women and children who liked to visit her, and she crowded her shelves with books and toys to amuse the little ones when their mothers packed them off for a quiet hour.

## Politics in the Garden.

A garden was the scene of the earliest revolutionary propaganda, but nowadays it is the forces of Conservatism that make the widest use of that flowery setting. Various hostesses in Scotland have lately lent their grounds for big political gatherings addressed by the Prime Minister or his colleagues, who must have enjoyed the change from indoor meetings, though the open air does place a strain on the voice.



THE YOUNG KING OF RUMANIA WITH HIS MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER.

King Michael of Rumania succeeded to the Rumanian throne on the death of his grandfather, the late King Ferdinand, in July last. His father, Prince Carol, abdicated definitely his claims to the succession in February, but since the death of the late King he has issued several proclamations in which he calls himself "King Carol."

Duke and Duchess of York, on their return from their world tour; and on Oct. 18 she will act as hostess to the Prince of Wales at the luncheon to be given at the Mansion House to commemorate the thirty years' work of King Edward's Hospital Fund. Meantime Sir Rowland and Lady Blades and their lucky twins are on their way to visit Rome.



## A SHEAF OF HOME NEWS: NOTABLE SCENES AND OCCASIONS.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK MADE AN HONORARY BURGESS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SIGNING THE BURGESS ROLL IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL, WITH THE DUKE STANDING BY (A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT).



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ADMITTED TO THE FREEDOM OF THE GUILDRY AT THE TRADES HOUSE, GLASGOW, AS GUILD BROTHER AND GUILD SISTER OF GLASGOW: THE DUKE RECEIVING A CASKET FROM THE CONVENER.



ROAD "PRINTING" FOR TRAFFIC GUIDANCE IN PICCADILLY: THE NEW ROADWAY TAKEN UP AGAIN, AFTER BEING OPENED FOR TRAFFIC, FOR THE INSERTION OF "TURN LEFT" BLOCKS.

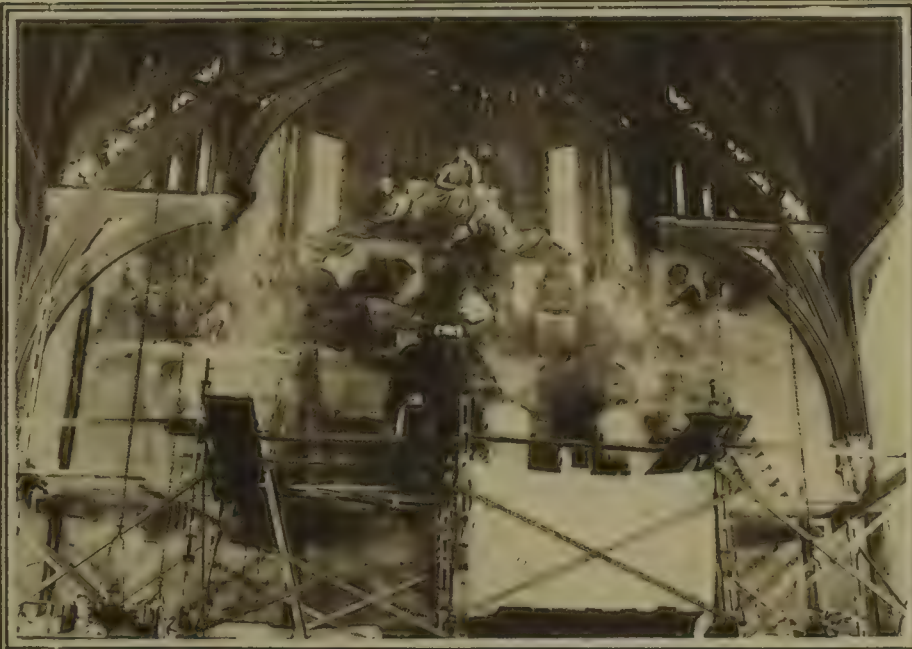


A PIANO SENT FROM LONDON TO LIVERPOOL BY AIR: LOADING THE HEAVY INSTRUMENT INTO AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS AEROPLANE AT CROYDON AERODROME—A REMARKABLE FEAT OF COMMERCIAL AVIATION.



ERECTED BY G. F. WATTS (WHOSE FRESCO AT LINCOLN'S INN IS SEEN IN THE NEXT PHOTOGRAPH): A MEMORIAL CLOISTER AT ST. BOTOLPH'S, ALDERSGATE.

The Duke and Duchess of York had a busy day in Glasgow on September 21, when the Duchess opened the Corporation's Housing and Health Exhibition in the new Kelvin Hall of Industries. At St. Andrew's Hall she was made an Honorary Burgess. After she had signed the Roll, the Lord Provost handed her a silver-gilt casket containing the Burgess ticket. At the Trades House the Duke was made a Freeman of the Incorporation of Skinners, and he and Duchess together were admitted to the Freedom of the Guildry as Guild Brother and Guild Sister of Glasgow.—After the new roadway at the Circus end of Piccadilly had been opened to traffic recently, it was closed again and taken up for the insertion of metal-surfaced blocks forming the words "Turn Left."



THE RESTORATION OF G. F. WATTS'S GREAT FRESCO IN THE HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN—"JUSTICE—A HEMICYCLE OF LAW-GIVERS": REMARKABLE PRESERVATION WORK.

The remarkable progress of commercial aviation was illustrated the other day at Croydon Aerodrome, when a full-size piano consigned by the Æolian Company to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool was loaded into an Imperial Airways aeroplane.—The great fresco painted by the late G. F. Watts in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn—entitled "Justice—a Hemicycle of Law-Givers"—whose colours had faded, has been restored by Mr. Thomas Wilson, Superintendent of Works to the House of Commons. The fresco, the largest of its kind in this country (45 ft. high by 40 ft. wide), was finished in 1859. It was through Watts that a cloister was built outside St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate, for the commemoration of acts of heroic self-sacrifice. It contains 49 tablets, and a statuette of Watts.



# Fashions & Fancies

THE A TO Z OF THE NEW FASHIONS ARE BEING SPELT BY LOVELY MANNEQUINS, AND EVERY ONE OF US CAN NOW MAKE UP OUR SEASON'S ALPHABET OF CLOTHES.



A slender, well-cut coat of soft blue chrome leather for autumn motoring from Gamages, Holborn, E.C.

## Jewellery Trimmings on Frocks.

Artificial jewellery has undergone yet another change. To-day it forms part of the actual trimming of the frock, and embodies in some way the same colourings. A lovely dress of jade ring-velvet, for instance, is draped to one side and held captive by a square buckle of jade and paste, while the shoulder is pierced by a double-headed brooch in the same design. Another evening "set" has brooch and buckle in sapphires and brilliants, decorating a frock of gentian-blue georgette. Crystal and semi-precious stones are allied in many cases, and with these are necklaces to match, consisting of flat, rather squarish stones joined by metal or silver links. This jewellery is by no means inexpensive, for a necklace costs about 10 guineas, and a bracelet worn at one of the dress shows was priced at 6½ guineas, consisting of six rows of stones which looked rather like splintered glass scintillating under a transparent mirror.

## Furs and Coats.

Among the fur-trimmed winter coats, fox and lynx seem to be the favourite trimmings. Their long silky hair is far more becoming than last season's calf and antelope skins, and the sweeping collars and borders are flattering to every woman. Whole foxes are used in many cases, complete with head and tail. Sometimes they encircle the neck and form a long revers with the tail hanging loosely to the hem of the skirt; while one very smart coat reversed the usual order of things and had quite a small collar ending at the shoulders, while the front of the coat was plain until the edge of the wrap-over portion, which was bordered with fox, the head reaching upwards to one hip. Another lovely coat of chiffon velvet had large fox-tails falling from mock pockets on each hip; and yet a third variation showed two foxes hanging down the back like long stoles. Panné velvet worked to look like broadtail is a favourite material for many coats, and looks at a distance quite like the fur.

## The Fireman's Helmet.

Amongst the hats which made their début at the dress shows the fireman's helmet was very striking. It is distinguished from the airman's by the ridge across the top of the crown, which sometimes

runs from front to back, and more usually (in the millinery fashions) from side to side. This ridge is made more prominent by being composed sometimes of quite a different material from the rest of the hat. A felt, for instance, has a ridge and ear-pieces of velour in a slightly darker shade. One very smart model in velour has a crest of feathers right across the crown. Two-colour hats are also introduced very effectively by this mode. Scarlet and black felt, for instance, forms the front and back of a brimless hat, joined by a deep ridge across the top which vandykes the two colours together.



Two smart autumn hats from Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W. Beige felt and red velvet make the one in the centre, and black felt trimmed with blue feathers sweeping across the crown that on the right.

## Hats for Autumn Days in Town.

Small hats seem to be the favourites for autumn days in town, and there are many attractive variations of the brimless mode to be found at Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W. From there come the two attractive models pictured in the centre of this page. The toque is expressed in beige felt and red velvet, while the other is a small black felt trimmed with blue feathers which fall over the cheek. There are fascinating two-colour velours to be found here, and felts of every colour. A speciality is made of large sizes, and every head-fitting is carefully studied. Unspottable and uncrushable sports felts in the new season's shapes and colours can be obtained from 30s. upwards.

## Evening Gowns From Liberty's.

It is a well-known fact that materials from Liberty's, Regent Street, W., are always perfect in texture and colouring, and imagination must bring to life the lovely evening dresses pictured here. Embroidered georgette and shaded chiffon in exquisite colourings express the dance frock with the full uneven skirt, and next is a slender dress of black ring velvet over an underskirt of gold lace.

Another lovely dress in Liberty broché opening on an under-dress of kilted chiffon is obtainable for 14½ guineas, and a picture frock in Sungleam satin embroidered with metal thread is 11½ guineas. A beautiful evening cloak embroidered with gold thread and silk embroidery can be obtained for 11½ guineas. Naturally, there are wonderful shawls in printed and embroidered silk crêpe, and these range from 5 guineas upwards.

## Leather Coats for Motoring and Golf.

Leather coats are becoming more and more fashionable, and there are very slim, well-cut models to be found at Gamages, Holborn, E.C., which are far in advance of the old type of heavy motoring coat. The one pictured on the left of this page, for instance, can be worn in town or country. It is of supple blue chrome leather lined with wool check, and narrow tucks and pleats emphasise its perfect fit. The price is surprisingly moderate, only 7½ guineas. On the right is a little suede golf coat available for 4 guineas. It is lined throughout. Long coats of brown leather can be obtained from 79s. 6d., and in colours from 5½ guineas; while short suede jackets range from 55s. 6d. in every colour of the rainbow. There are also winter coats of velour, collared with fur and lined throughout, to be secured from 29s. 6d., and very useful bargains are Indiana mackintoshes for 21s. The "Telemac" with a two years' guarantee is 42s. 6d. Woolly jumpers are also very inexpensive, and sleeveless cardigans with striped borders are only 9s. 11d.



Ideal for golf is this short suede coat with belt and pockets, which comes from Gamages, Holborn, E.C.



From Liberty's, Regent Street, W., come these graceful evening dresses, the one on the left expressed in black ring velvet over gold lace, and the other in embroidered georgette and shaded chiffon, introducing the fashionable uneven hem-line.





As nightly to his mate the bookie sings  
Where once Dorando, laurel crowned, held court,  
A robot "puss" propelled by volts and things,  
Now yields what one might term the 'current' sport.

Drawn and coloured by D Jinkiser and dedicated, with permission,

## THE LONG DOGS

Unleashed, the streaking hounds her scout pursue  
While eager backers cheer them in their flight;  
It's a fast life they lead, these favoured few,  
Where every gay dog has his day — and night.

to John Walker Esq., distiller of Fine Whisky, Kilmarnock, Scotland





## Trespassers will be— rewarded

*"Stalking the half-opened window . . . to get a peep at the pianist within."*

*I*T was humiliating to be caught like two school-boys in an orchard, and, besides, it was all Mallett's fault.

It was he who opened the gate and I followed him into the front garden. Then he began stalking the half-opened window, creeping from bush to bush to get a peep at the pianist within.

When Price himself came on us from the rear with his cheery: "Bothered if it isn't Mallett and old Jim," I know I wished I had been born a geranium.

Mallett, who has no fine feelings and very little grammar to speak of, pointed to the window and said, "Who've you got in there?"

Price looked puzzled for a minute and then smiled, "Oh, the music you mean—come along and see."

He ushered us straight into the drawing-room and then burst out laughing as he watched our astonished faces.

No long-haired virtuoso occupied the music stool. It was Mrs. Price herself who looked up and smiled a greeting at us as she finished the Chopin Fantasia, crashing out the two final chords with evident enjoyment.

"You see," he said, "this piano is really three different instruments in one. You can play it by

hand as an ordinary piano, or you can play it yourself like the old 'Pianola' with the 'Pianola' roll, and, besides that, by using special 'Duo-Art' music rolls you can reproduce, exactly, the playing of some great pianist.

"This roll," he continued, taking it from the piano, "is a record by Harold Bauer. I'm not surprised at old Mallett being taken in. Jolly good, isn't it?"

"Some of them have an electric attachment to do the blowing instead of doing it with your feet, so when you want Paderewski or some other great concert artist to play to you, you only have to switch on the juice and sit around and listen."

By this time I was getting interested. I am fond of music, but although I had a fine piano at home it wasn't much good to me, as I couldn't play a note. In fact, often for weeks on end my piano stood silent against the wall, and I began to wonder whether I could exchange it for one of these. I mentioned the matter to Price.

"Why, my dear chap," he said, "that's just what I did and got a jolly good allowance for it, too; and I don't mind telling you, seeing that we are old pals, that I haven't paid for this one yet. I pay a small sum every month off it. Hardly notice it at the time. Should spend it on other

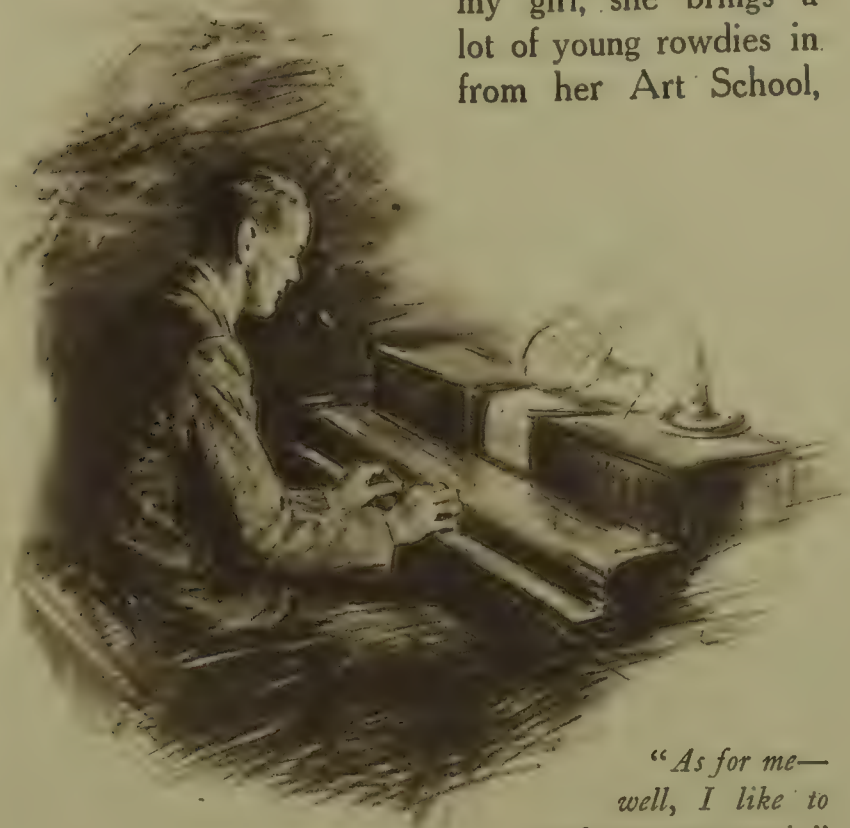


things, anyway, with nothing to show for it. Now this [pointing to the piano] will be mine in eighteen months or so now, and I doubt if I should have saved a penny of the money any other way. You can take it from me, old man, it's real thrift and you enjoy it all the time." I did some hard thinking as I walked back from Price's that night, and by the time I said good-bye to Mallett at the gate my mind was made up.



I called at Aeolian Hall, the headquarters of the Aeolian Company, in New Bond Street, and found, as Price had said, that the exchange of my old piano [my silent piano] for a 1928 model "Pianola" Piano was quite a simple financial proposition, and now I have a piano we can all get some fun out of.

My son plays a bit by hand. Mrs. Jim likes to hear the classics played by big artists [Paderewski, Pachmann, and so on], my girl, she brings a lot of young rowdies in from her Art School,



*"As for me—  
well, I like to  
make my own music."*

*"He . . . burst out laughing  
as he watched our astonished faces."*

and the hearth-rug is turned up and the furniture pushed back while they put on a roll of the latest Fox-Trot, and as for me—well, I like to make my own music. I get a "Pianola" roll and if things have been a bit worrying at the office, I play something I can let myself go with, like the Grieg Concerto [Third Movement]. After all, of what use is a piano unless you can obtain from it what music you want and when you want it?

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE PROMENADE SEASON.

THE B.B.C.'s first season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall has been, as I had the temerity to prophesy, an unqualified success. I am told that the audiences have been consistently larger than for many years past. It is doubtful whether this season has not been a record one in that respect. Every week hundreds have been turned away on its "popular" nights; and when one takes into consideration the fact that Friday—perhaps the most popular night of the week—is a severely classical night, one gets some idea of how the taste for good music has spread in London. Even on Tuesdays and Thursdays, which have always had the poorest attendances, the hall has been well filled. We may assume, therefore, that the Promenades have now a long life assured under the direction of the B.B.C.

The season has not been remarkable for the discovery of any conspicuous talent among the British composers whose new works have been performed. Compositions by Thomas Wood, V. Hely-Hutchinson, Walton O'Donnell and William Walton proved their authors to have talent, but not one of them stands out emphatically from the others. At the same time, such new foreign works as were played did not show any marked superiority over those of our own composers.

In executive talent, the well-known public favourites maintained their eminence. Miss Myra Hess gave a remarkably fine performance of the Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto. This was probably the best performance by any British artist of the season. Two newcomers, Mr. James Ching and Mr. V. Hely-Hutchinson, distinguished themselves as pianists in two Bach piano concertos, and deserve to be engaged again. The two popular violinists, Mme. Jelly d'Aranyi and Miss Adila Fachiri, sustained their excellent reputations by a fine performance of the Bach Concerto in D minor for two violins; and of the other violinists, Miss Isolde Menges, and Miss Margaret Fairless did well, and will probably do better, for they show a capacity to develop which is the most satisfactory of all qualities in a young artist. A new violoncellist, Miss Raya Garbousova, made a first appearance, and showed herself to be a player

of exceptional gifts. The vocalists were on much the same level as usual, but Miss Kate Winter and Mr. Arthur Fear are singers who show good performance, and even better promise. A word must be said for what was perhaps the finest piece of concerted playing of the season—namely, Miss Rebecca Clarke and Mr. Antonio Brosa's performance of the beautiful Symphony Concertante for viola, violin; and orchestra by Mozart. This was one of the most enjoyable items in the whole six weeks' programme.

There has been a certain amount of discussion in the Press on the subject of rehearsals, owing to the momentary failure of memory of Miss Daisy Kennedy in the Brahms Violin Concerto, and by Miss Isolde Menges in the Beethoven Violin Concerto. Miss Kennedy made a little speech after her performance, apologising for her lapse—which was insignificant—and complained later of inadequate rehearsal. The B.B.C. replied that Sir Henry Wood had spared her all the time that was available in a pianoforte rehearsal with her. This, obviously, was not very satisfactory, but it is difficult to see how, under the circumstances, anything better is possible. The opportunities for rehearsing during a season of nightly concerts with large and difficult programmes, such as the Promenades, are naturally limited, and cannot possibly be stretched to cover the necessities of the case. The consequence is that Sir Henry Wood and his musicians are compelled to concentrate on certain works, with the result that we get at each Promenade Concert one, and probably only one, well-rehearsed performance of a selected work. This is very far from being satisfactory, and now that the B.B.C. has made itself responsible for the Promenades, something will have to be done to remedy this state of affairs.

There is, I believe, only one solution, and it is the one with which every musician and critic in this country would probably agree. The B.B.C. should make itself responsible for the maintenance of one permanent symphony orchestra in London. This orchestra should be an external performing body, and be quite independent of and unrelated to the smaller orchestras which play in the B.B.C. studios at Savoy Hill. This symphony orchestra should be used exclusively for public concerts, which may or may not be broadcast, at the discretion of the B.B.C.

The orchestra should be under the direction of a competent conductor, and every facility given for proper rehearsal of all concerts at which it performs. Only in this way can we ever hope to get a really high standard of orchestral playing.

I believe it is no exaggeration to say that we never get from any London orchestra that perfect ensemble which a truly cultivated musical public would demand. What we get is, indeed, well below the standard of the musical public. It is extremely rare to hear in London a symphony or purely orchestral piece played with the precision and perfection to be expected from a first-rate orchestra. One has only to compare the gramophone records of London orchestras with that, for example, recently issued performance of the "Rienzi" Overture by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. In the opinion of all who have ever heard them, our orchestras cannot compare in virtuosity with the best American orchestras.

The reason for this does not lie in any inherent superiority in the American orchestras. As far as raw material goes, our orchestras are quite equal to theirs, in spite of the fact that the best European players are continually being lured to America by the higher pay which is offered them. No, the great advantage which the American orchestras possess over ours is that they are all, without exception, heavily endowed, and they rehearse according to the artistic, not according to the financial, necessities.

There has been, so far, little demand for virtuosity or technical excellence from the public, because the large public is comparatively new to music in this country. The interest of the Promenade audiences is almost exclusively in the music, not in the performances. To this great new public—enormously increased of late years through the gramophone and broadcasting—it is the music itself which primarily matters. The Promenaders are too interested in Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms to spare much attention to how Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra interpret to them these great men. But when they have developed further, when they have got to the stage of being really familiar with the nine symphonies of Beethoven, the four symphonies of Brahms, and the concertos and suites of Bach, they will begin to scrutinise their contents and significance a little

[Continued on page 566.]



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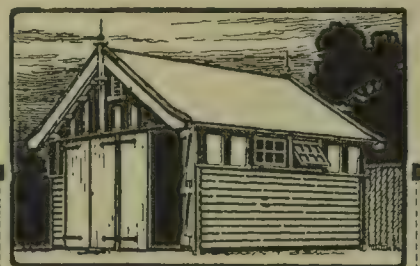
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## THE NEW SIX-CYLINDER TALBOT.

THE chief thing that struck me during a recent trial of the new 14-45-h.p. six-cylinder Talbot was its performance. Fourteen—forty-five horsepower is a very respectable figure, but, as a matter of fact, it is misleading. The size of the engine would lead you to think that the utmost power available would be something in the neighbourhood of 25, or, at the outside, 30; but when you are driving the car you have all the sensation of driving an engine of, at the very least, two litres. That is one way of describing that somewhat loose expression, performance.

The bore and stroke of this rather remarkable little engine are 61 by 95, which gives it a cubic content of only a little over the litre and a half, though the R.A.C. rating, 13·8, gives it an annual tax of £14. In this car you have an impressive combination of speed, acceleration, and holding-on powers. I believe that the open car will do about sixty miles an hour, and I know that the saloon, which was the model I tried, will exceed fifty without fuss, and climb steep hills in a very satisfactory manner. All these things one expects to find in an up-to-date six-cylinder 2-litre car, but not, as I say, in one of this size.

Another interesting point about the Talbot is its unusually low gear ratio. Top speed is only 5·8 to 1; third, 9·6 to 1; second, 13·4 to 1; and first, 23 to 1. With such a ratio it is only reasonable to expect a considerable measure of flexibility and pick-up, but, although you get these in full measure, they are not paid for, as is generally the case, by fussiness on the part of

the engine. The revolutions must usually be pretty high, but neither driver nor passengers are made uncomfortably aware of it. The engine does not run absolutely silently, but it is certainly not a

noisy one. Its action is smooth, and what vibration periods there are are slight. The car I drove was distinctly new, and it is only fair to assume that these periods will either disappear or be greatly reduced at the end of the first six or seven thousand miles.

The engine is an exceedingly neat job. The over-head valves are operated by push-rods and rockers, enclosed in the usual cover, where they work in an oil mist, drawn from the crank-case. Their action is very quiet. The induction lay-out is unusual in having the carburetter set at the forward end of a straight inlet-pipe. Coil and battery ignition of an American type are fitted as standard, the distributor being accessibly placed on the near side. Starting and battery-charging are done by a dyna-motor, which is coupled direct to the front end of the crank-shaft below the radiator. The various fuses of the electrical system are assembled under an accessible cover.

A feature I have not seen for years is the provision of fan-vanes on the circumference of the fly-wheel. The radiator is mounted directly on the engine itself: an excellent point, to my mind, as it is thus guarded from any strain arising from chassis distortion. Incidentally this arrangement eliminates the usual bottom water-pipe. Circulation is by thermosyphon, but the radiator is a really large one.

The power is transmitted to the four-speed gear-box through a single disc Ferodo-lined clutch, which for the most part ensures easy gear-changing. The gear-box is controlled from the right-hand side, the lever being comfortably situated. I did not find it easy to make a scrapeless change at any speed between third and fourth,

[Continued overleaf.]



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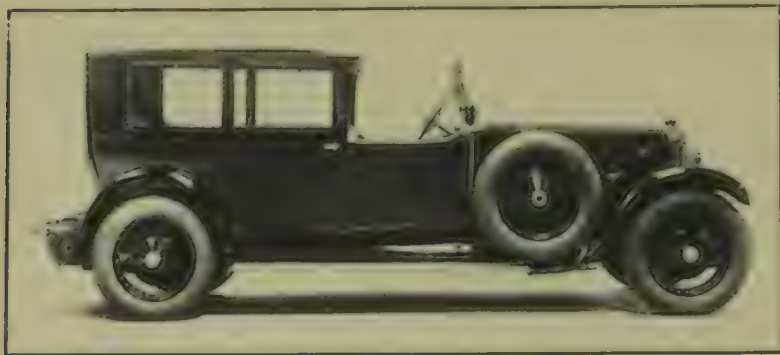
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(Continued.)

either up or down, but all other changes were unusually easy to effect. The only criticism I have to make against the gear-box is that second



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and third gears are inclined to be noisy, second in particular, at about twenty miles an hour, having a ringing sound which should be curable by more careful grinding. The universal joint is of the metal type, and automatically lubricated from the gear-box. The propeller-shaft is enclosed.

The chassis is robustly constructed and well stayed. An unusual feature is in the design of the frame: forward. The side members narrow to the width of the radiator, and thence are splayed outward to meet the forward end of the front springs. Suspension is by cantilever type to the back axle and semi-elliptic to the front. Shock-absorbers are fitted to both axles. The brake set consists of four brakes, one to each wheel, the two rear being controlled by the hand lever and all four by pedal. The petrol-tank is carried at the back, and holds fourteen gallons. A reserve supply of two gallons is arranged for rather ingeniously by means of the filler cap. When the tank is filled and the cap is screwed up tight, the reserve supply is cut off. Loosening the cap two turns releases the reserve.

As I have said, the new Talbot is a pleasant, lively car, with a surprising amount of power available from a really small engine. I thought the springing rather on the hard side, but this was the only criticism

I could find to make on its road performance. The steering is particularly comfortable, both as regards its action and the angle and length of the steering column. The pedal did not seem to me to exert enough force or quickly enough on the four-wheel brake set. The hand lever was almost as good as any I have used. The saloon car, which costs £485, is a really smart piece of carriage-work with excellent lines, roomy and comfortable, and is upholstered in leather. The dashboard is one of the most attractive features of the car, the various instruments being neatly grouped on a separate metal fascia-board set in the wooden dash. The prices of the other models are

£395 for the five-seater, £415 for the two-seater, £465 for the coupé, and £495 for the Weymann saloon. JOHN PRIOLEAU.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 562.)

closer; they will begin to want interpretation, not mere note-playing, and they will begin to compare one performance with another.

When this day comes—and it is coming with surprising rapidity, for the intensive musical education which is going on around us on all sides will soon make its effect—there will be a sudden clamour for a higher level of performance. But this is quite impossible without a permanent orchestra, and sufficient opportunities for rehearsing. Our

orchestras at present muddle through as best they can. We only become aware of how painfully they are muddling through when we take a distinguished foreigner to hear one of our symphony concerts. Then the imperfections in the actual playing, and in the interpretation become glaring. We realise suddenly how accustomed we are to overlook faults and defects which we should not overlook; in short, we are conscious of the bad habits we have got into.

Therefore, I hope that the B.B.C. will seriously consider the question of supporting a permanent orchestra, and giving this orchestra the proper facilities for rehearsing. As long as this orchestra is entrusted to the hands of some competent musician and disciplinarian, such as Sir Henry Wood, it does not matter who its official conductor or director may be—provided, also, that the orchestra is free to play under any conductor. The B.B.C., in fact, cannot long continue to run its Promenade Concerts and its Symphony Concerts without such an orchestra. W. J. TURNER.



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Fabric Covered Saloon	£165

## "SENIOR"

Chassis	£180
2-Seater Coupé	£220
4-Seater open Tourer	£220
Sun Saloon	£235
Coach Built Saloon	£250
Fabric Covered Saloon	£250

## "SIX"

Chassis	£220
3-seater Coupé	£300
5-Seater Tourer	£300
Sun Saloon	£315
Coach Built Saloon	£340
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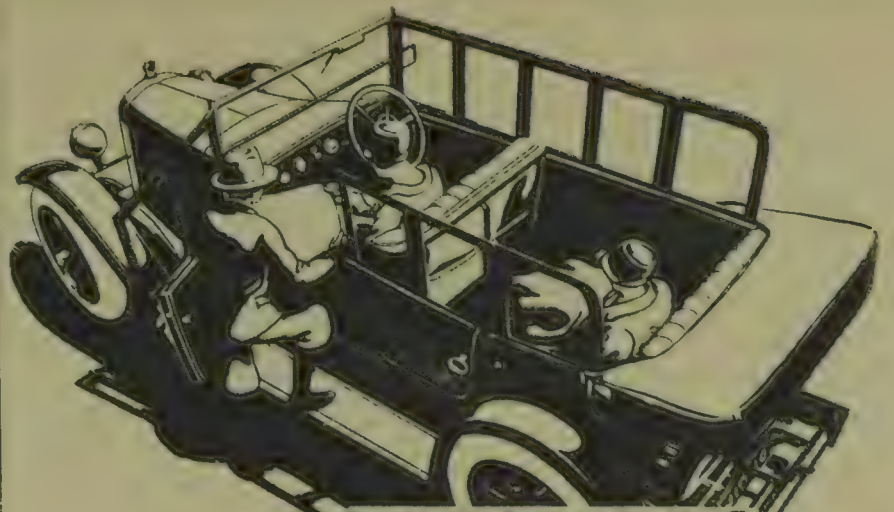
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# When Teeth Are Film-Free

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which numbers of leading authorities suggest*

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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

NO OTHER TIGER. By A. E. W. MASON. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

The hand of the craftsman has written "No Other Tiger." Every twist of the plot, every thrill, and in particular the terrific thrill of the final chapter, all stand in evidence of the superb competency of Mr. A. E. W. Mason. The execution is smooth as cream, the action is tense, the precision of the word-painting is exact. Here, in fact, is a thriller such as the present public demands, and one that will be a best-seller not only by reason of its sensational effects, but also because a literary artist has produced it. With so much to admire, it may seem ungrateful to find "No Other Tiger" almost too confidently competent. Yet one has an uneasy feeling that the prologue and the spot-light and the curtain (so magnificently arranged) lessen conviction rather than compel it. The heavy emphasis of Captain Thorne of the Burma Police, in the opening scene, is the introduction to Colonel Strickland's midnight vigil when he sits over the kill waiting for the man-eating tiger, and for the portentous experience that there befalls him. Mr. Mason knows (and the intelligent reader has a pretty good idea) that the tiger business is simply the three knocks before the play begins. Captain Thorne has no business to know it; and yet he behaves, in his owlish way, as if he did. And he is not the only character who, by dramatic gesture, gives away the secret that he is what he is and where he is because the exigencies of a dazzling plot demand it. But, with that said, the fact remains that "No Other Tiger" is a very brilliant and exciting romance.

THE HOTEL. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

"The Hotel" is an acutely clever observation of the tricky ways of the great god Propinquity, a deity who (especially in his match-making moods) has hardly received his due. His temples are passenger liners and residential hotels. The hotel in this instance is somewhere on the Italian Riviera, and Elizabeth Bowen has set down it and its inmates with a vivid accuracy. Not a futility has escaped her. Such devotion to truth might be dull, if it were applied only to an external view of the people, who are English, and idle, and, of course, women in the majority by at least five to one. "The Hotel" is anything but dull. There is in it the struggle of revolting souls against the machinations of the god. There are the complexities and perversities that prevail where the sexes are as vilely ill-balanced as they are in Riviera hotels. Miss Bowen has wit—a penetrating wit—and she has an admirable technique. Also, she has special matters of interest to examine; to wit, the spirit of the introspective Sydney, to whose bitter excursions into love the rest of the hotel visitors are an animated background. A new English novelist of uncommon powers has arrived in Miss Bowen.

TOPSY-TURVY. By VERNON BARTLETT. (Constable; 10s.)

Vernon Bartlett's young journalist passes, in the exercise of his profession, across post-war Europe. He visits Paris, Geneva, Berlin, Vienna, Bucharest. In these, and other places, Ivor Deane is the spectator or the participator in some of the civilian tragedies that demonstrate the waste of war. There is a touch of comedy in "Topsy-Turvy" too. All the stories are vigorous, and told without sentimentality. There is irony in most of them: the European situation after "the war to end war" lends itself to irony. People have short memories, and muddled memories. It is well that a book of the clarity and distinction of "Topsy-Turvy" should be written to illuminate some of the darkest hours of the last eight years. Looked upon as a collection of short stories in the modern manner, it is completely successful. But it is so much more than that, and it has so much insight that it should surely fulfil Mr. Bartlett's serious purpose, which is to support those whose aim it is to build a lasting peace.

LADY, WHAT OF LIFE? By LESLEY STORM. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

The Painted Lady's daughter will always be an object for conventional suspicion or pity. In "Lady, What of Life?" there are three daughters, taken over by their crippled soldier-uncle after the unfortunate Mrs. Rita Sands had been killed in a motor accident. Lesley Storm has breathed life into each of them. These are real, quivering, mettlesome young creatures. Their mother's career is fresh in their minds. The story shows how their knowledge and their early misery affect them. Elinor takes to respectability with a ruthless determination. She is, perhaps, the strongest study in the book. But it is to Virginia, who scorned to play the safe game, that one's heart goes out. "Lady, What of Life?" is a subtle as well as a touching piece of work: if it is a first novel, as the title-page suggests, the ease with which it is written shows no sign of the novice.

WHIMSICAL STORIES TO TELL. By HELEN WILLIAMS. (Harrap; 3s. 6d.)

The fairies keep their appointed places in Helen Williams's "Whimsical Stories." One, who was found by Jock and Emmeline, was digging in the garden cabbage patch. He had long, spindly arms and short legs and long, spindly feet, and he wore a green wideawake hat with a broad brim, and he was able to tell them where the bees kept their bottled honey. All of which goes to show that Miss Williams has the gift of knowing a real fairy when she sees one. Nothing could be better than her account of the adventures of Flighty Fanny, the little girl who was the despair of her mother because she forgot so much and so often. After Fanny was turned (as she deserved) into a white duck, hunting for worms and fish for her living, she met the fairy washermen. "They were washing cobweb dresses, tricky work requiring great care." What more does anyone want for a good—a really good—child? "Whimsical Stories to Tell" is the stuff for uncles and aunts and grandmothers who—unlike Flighty Fanny—remember the wishes of certain other people when birthdays—or un-birthdays—occur.

MOSSOO. By M. E. FRANCIS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

"Mossoo" transplants a young Breton farmer and his mother to a Midland farm, and so enables M. E. Francis to contrast the English and the French countryman. Mrs. Francis Blundell has a sure touch in the novel of rural life, and "Mossoo" is rich in the humour and the delicate perception she never fails to spend upon her farmer folk. In its quiet way, it may disturb a few British complacencies. Mossoo and his French mother have a lesson or two to teach their Lancashire neighbours. The love story is worked out with a careful grace. It may be a book with a moral, but it is a charming idyll too.



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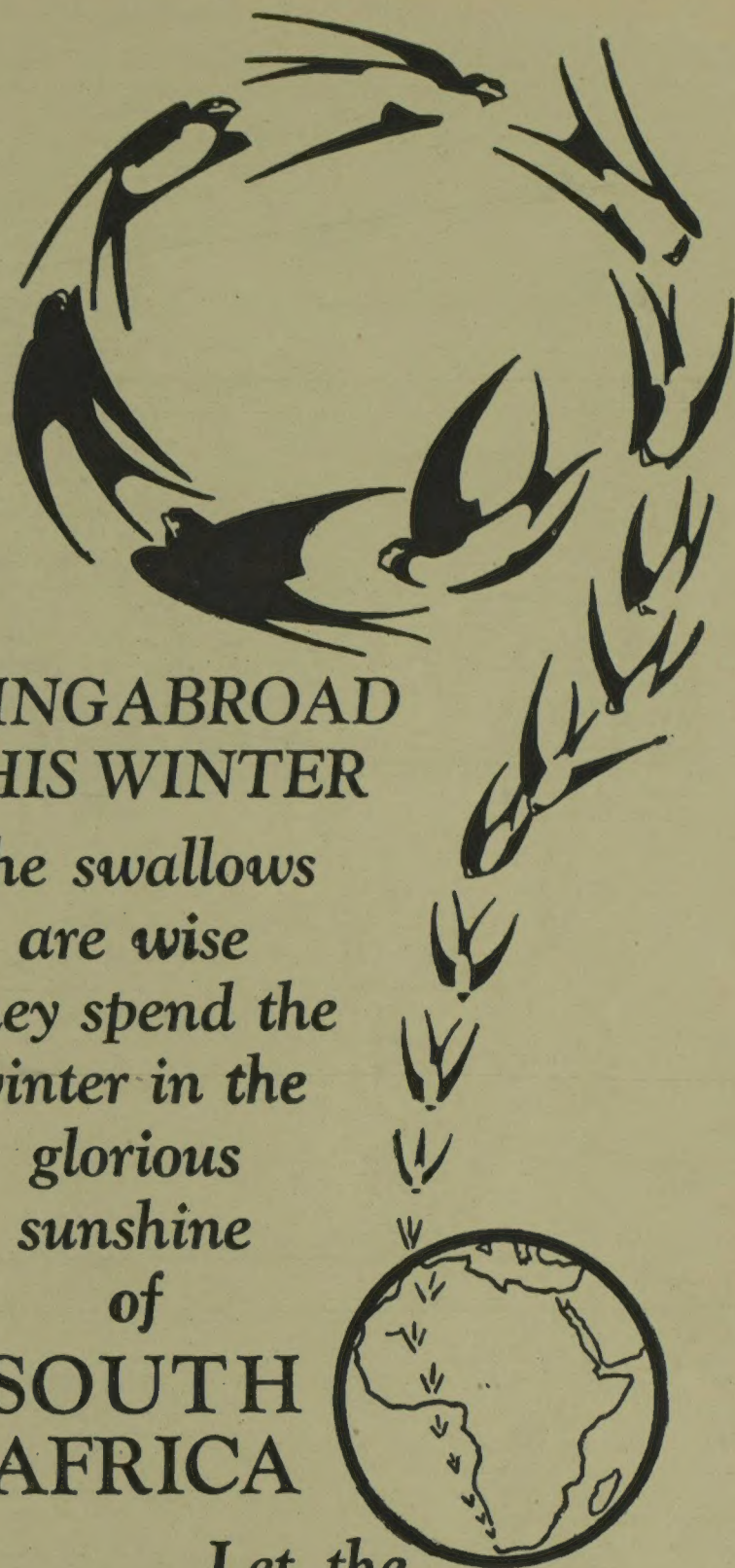
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## RADIO NOTES.

THIS year's National Radio Exhibition at Olympia affords a striking contrast between the radio of to-day and the wireless of fifteen years ago, when a full-page drawing in *The Illustrated London News* depicted a British family correcting clocks and watches whilst one of the party, using a primitive wireless set, listened to Morse time signals issuing from the Eiffel Tower, Paris. The receiving set shown in the picture was typical of those used by many of the early experimenters, of whom there were perhaps not more than two or three hundred all told. The set consisted of a coil of wire wound on a cardboard tube, with a strip of springy brass movable along the coil for tuning to the required wave-length, a crude crystal detector, and a single telephone held to the ear. At that period, broadcasting as we know it to-day did not exist, and all that could be heard by the patient enthusiasts were the dot-and-dash signals from the Eiffel Tower, from ships, or from a few amateur transmitters. This week, Olympia is being packed by many thousands of the two-and-a-half million people who are interested in radio. The Exhibition contains a magnificent display of the latest devices with which daily entertainment may be received in any home. Many of the receiving sets work directly from the household electric supply, and electrical knowledge is not necessary for the operation of the sets by the owners.

A three-valve receiver with self-contained batteries and loud-speaker is remarkable for the fact that the filament battery, known as the Filinator, may be re-charged at home in three minutes, simply by filling it up with water from the tap, and adding a couple of tablets which cost sixpence each. The battery discharges at 1½ volts, and operates three special valves which have double filaments.

Loud-speakers of various types are on view, at prices from a few shillings to sixty pounds or more. The most novel of them all is the "Andia," which looks quite incapable of reproducing music and speech. Outwardly the various patterns of this instrument take the form of well-known museum pieces, such as "The Scribe," which is based upon a carving in the Chinese Museum, Paris, and a beautiful "Coffer,"

distortion of the sounds. Other particulars were given in last week's issue.

Reference was made in these notes recently to the new electric "pick-up" which reproduces gramophone records through the loud-speaker. With one of these devices owners of multi-valve sets (with two stages of low-frequency amplification) may listen to the electrical reproduction of favourite records. The new reproducing method gives to the music a quality not usually experienced when the record is played in the orthodox manner. Once having obtained a "pick-up," the device may be attached to the tone-arm in place of the sound-box, and a "soft" needle inserted into the "pick-up." The two wires from the latter should be fitted at the loose ends with small pins, obtainable from any radio shop, of a size which will allow of a push-in fit into the detector-valve socket (after removing the valve). One pin should be plugged into the "plate" hole of the valve socket, and the other pin plugged into one of the "filament" holes. Beautiful and loud reproduction was obtained in this manner by the writer during experiments with a radio receiver which has two L.F. amplifying valves, and with a good loud-speaker.



THE "SPHERE" INVITATION GOLF MEETING AT WENTWORTH GOLF CLUB, VIRGINIA WATER: A GROUP OF COMPETITORS, WITH BRIG.-GEN. NEVILLE CAMPBELL (FOURTH FROM LEFT IN FRONT ROW), WHO PRESENTED THE CUP TO THE WINNER, MR. F. LOVERIDGE.

which is modelled after an exhibit in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Other designs include "Doulton" and "Dresden" figures, a "Flower Vase" (which may hold fresh flowers with water), "The Fairy Home," a "Tall Gilt Vase" (forty inches high), a "Mushroom" (ten inches high), and a "Large Chandelier," fitted for electric light. The mechanism concealed within the "Andia" loud-speaker is a new invention for the reproduction of music and speech without

The fascination of listening to broadcasts issuing from America is being experienced by many enthusiasts who have bought or made short-wave receivers. A set with only two valves (one detector, one amplifier) is required for listening with head-phones, but often the reception may be further amplified and put through the loud-speaker. On the occasion of the Tunney-Dempsey fight last week the writer, with a two-valve set and an indoor aerial, picked up the American short-wave transmitting station 2XAF (32.77 metres) and heard the description of the fight from beginning to end.

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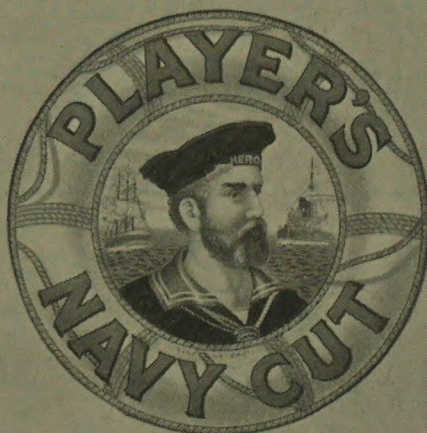


*"It's the Tobacco that Counts"*



# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES





## WORLD OF THE KINEMA. (Continued from Page 534.)

to realise that familiarity with all the claptrap and false sentiment, all the "bathos" and sob-stuff, of bad pictures has eventually bred, if not contempt, then at least a better appreciation of the better films. I saw recently an American production of a war story based, this time, on the dangers of aerial warfare and the heroism of the Air Force. All the episodes concerned with these general aspects were handled in a masterly fashion. The encounter of enemy war-planes in mid-air, their amazing evolutions in trying for the master position above the opposing plane, were realised and carried out with a veracity that held the audience spellbound. Nor were the fun, and sometimes the pathos, of the mess-room out of place. But into the context was woven a cheap little love-story in imitation of a dozen others, that had no real bearing on the actual theme. Every time its sentimental and tinny note was struck, the tension snapped. With a finger on the pulse of the public, it is not difficult to guess when the interest is flagging. The growing popularity of the historical war film, without any attempt at a "story," and with ever-lessening "relief" of an extraneous nature, is surely a sign of the times. The world of romance has been invaded by such films as "Beau Geste," which, whatever its faults, does not err on the side of sentimentality, and even the great Sheik himself, King of Sentimentality, may have to tremble on his artificial throne in the near future. A producer has arisen who, in "The White Slave," an otherwise unmomentous film, has actually had the courage to wrest a heroine from the embrace of a cruel though fascinating Sheik, and place her in the arms of an ordinary European medical practitioner! Truly, we are getting on.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "WHEN BLUE HILLS LAUGHED." AT THE CRITERION.

WHATEVER may be thought of the ingenuous story of cowboys, Trust villains, and harrowed heroine paraded by "Seamark" and "Marius," otherwise Mr. Austin Small and Mr. Guy Newall, in "When Blue Hills Laughed"—and really it is not bad entertainment of its sort—it is a pleasure to meet with Mr. Newall as actor. He plays here very effectively and amusingly a part of the "silly ass" type—your Englishman as the American sees him, the G. P. Huntley type, with monocle, grin, and halting speech, who looks born to be guyed, but disappoints expectations. When Vivian Essex appears at Blue Hills Ranch, where Tess Wabon among her cowboys is barely keeping at bay scheming rogues of a Beef Trust, he is the last person who looks likely to save the situation; but, thanks to Mr. Newall, he does it, and does it to a considerable accompaniment of fun.

That he should so soon be made manager is a little surprising; but watch him using one man to doctor a stream with oil and another to simulate telephone calls, so that he is able to bluff the Trust into paying a fancy price for the ranch, and you will agree that Tess made no mistake in her appointment. What wonder if she offered him a charming reward? If Mr. Newall is unfailingly genial and resourceful as the monocled hero, Miss Ivy Duke is delightful to look upon, Mr. James Carew and Mr. Lewin Manner are the right sort of villains, and the negro Rastus, as rendered by Mr. Donald Walcott, is a comic creation of first-class merit.

## "OH, KAY!" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"Oh, Kay!" is a musical comedy which has a story concerned with bootlegging and at the same time exploits the talent of Miss Gertrude Lawrence. It goes without saying that Gertrude Lawrence is much more important than the plot, but it is only fair to the librettists to admit that there is fun in its scheme as well as proper scope for Miss Lawrence's versatile gifts of comedy. There is certainly something droll in the idea of an amorous young gentleman's honeymoon being turned into a nightmare by the intrusion of liquor smugglers hotly pursued by revenue officials, and the leading actress has only to dash on to the scene under such conditions, holding a pistol of which she is afraid, to put her audience in a good humour. If she is a bootlegger at one moment, she is posing as her perturbed host's bride the next, and soon afterwards is masquerading as a housemaid; and in all her transformations is whimsical, appealing, comical, and irresistible. The music of Mr. George Gershwin is tuneful enough, the Dodge Sisters do wonders in the way of acrobatic dancing, there is broad humour in Mr. John Kirby's performance in the disguise of a butler, and both Mr. Harold Trench and Mr. Claude Hulbert work hard; but the making of the new show at His Majesty's is the charm of Gertrude Lawrence.

The Sunbeam Motor-Car Company, Ltd., advise us that for the coming season they will continue the manufacture of their present range of cars—the 16-h.p., 20-h.p., 25-h.p., and three-litre six-cylinder, and the 30-h.p. and 35-h.p. eight-cylinder models. There will be no change in prices, and orders can safely be placed now in view of this assurance.

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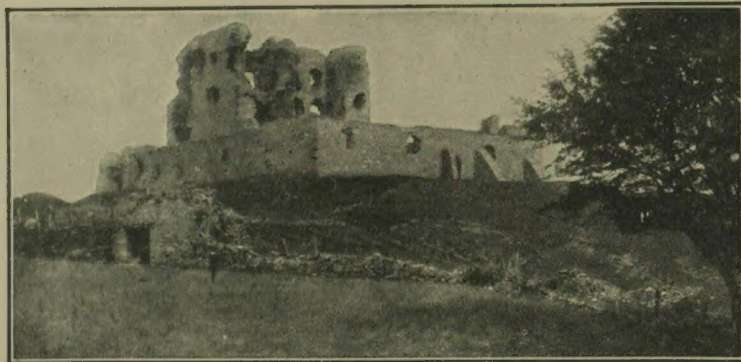
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